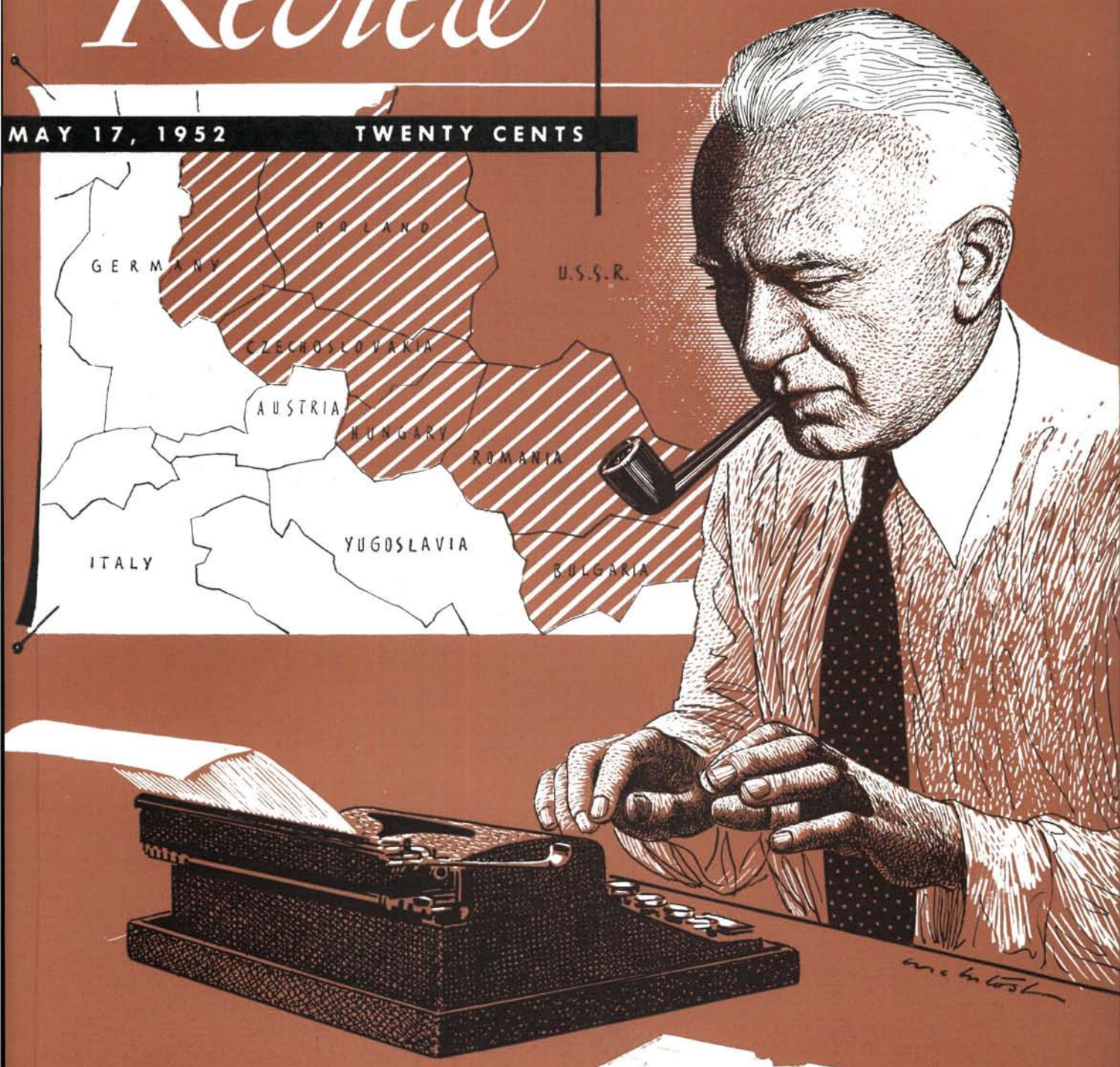
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
MAY 21 '52

Saturday Review

PULITZER PRIZES:
Judges and Critics

MAY 17, 1952 TWENTY CENTS



Leland Stowe, author of "Conc

The Illiterate Amer

By HAROLD STRAUSS

SR 9/27/52R 626-8-2
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
GREENEVILLE
TENN

PROPERTY OF SYNDICATE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20 ways meat packers reduce costs from farm to table

Only about 50% of a meat animal is *meat*. But by saving "everything but the squeal" from *the other half*, meat packing companies are able to "cancel-out" many of the costs of processing your meat.

Parts of the animal which once were destroyed or thrown away now are the source of hundreds of valuable by-products. Some of them have many uses. At least one of them is used to make (or help make) every item on this page. How many do you recognize?

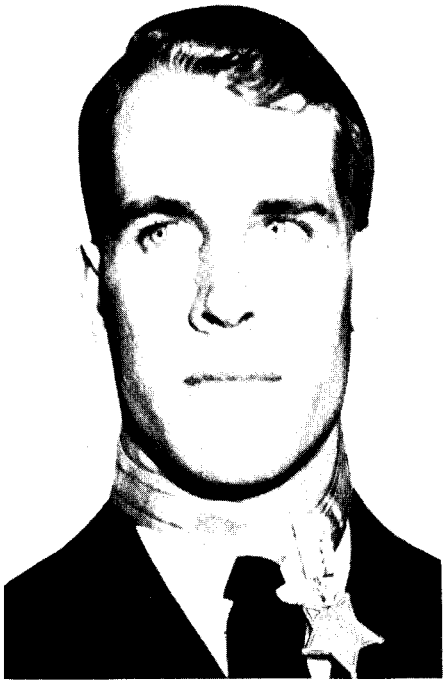
1. **Bone for bone china.**
2. **Horn and bone handles for carving sets.**
3. **Hides and skins for leather goods.**
4. **Rennet for cheese making.**
5. **Gelatin for marshmallows, photographic film, printers' rollers.**
6. **Stearin for making chewing gum and candies.**
7. **Glycerin for explosives used in mining and blasting.**
8. **Lanolin for cosmetics.**
9. **Chemicals for tires that run cooler.**
10. **Binders for asphalt paving.**
11. **Medicines such as various hormones and glandular extracts, insulin, pepsin, epinephrine, ACTH, cortisone . . . and surgical sutures.**
12. **Drumheads and violin strings.**
13. **Animal fats for soap.**
14. **Wool for clothing.**
15. **Camel's-hair (actually from cattle ears) for artists' brushes.**
16. **Cutting oils and other special industrial lubricants.**
17. **Bone charcoal for high-grade steel, such as ball bearings.**
18. **Special glues for marine plywoods, paper, matches, window shades.**
19. **Curled hair for upholstery. Leather for covering fine furniture.**
20. **High-protein livestock feeds.**

Money from sale of by-products frequently makes it possible for the packer to sell the beef from a steer for less than was paid for the animal on the hoof.

Every hour one or more by-products of the meat packing industry is used to make your life more enjoyable . . . to help produce something you need . . . to make America a better place to live in.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • *Headquarters, Chicago* • *Members throughout the U. S.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lieutenant (jg) Thomas Hudner, Jr. U.S.N. Medal of Honor

IT WAS A BRIGHT EARLY DECEMBER DAY and Lieutenant Hudner was flying a Korean combat mission alongside another plane piloted by Ensign Jesse Brown. A burst of flak caught the ensign's plane and he went spinning down, aflame. Despite the presence of enemy ground troops, Lieutenant Hudner then deliberately crash landed near his flame-trapped shipmate. He radioed for help, after which he fought to keep the fire away from the fatally injured ensign until a rescue helicopter arrived. Today Lieutenant Hudner has something to say to you:

"Maybe if America had been strong enough to discourage aggression two years ago, Jesse Brown might be alive now. So might thousands more of our Korea dead.

"For it's only too sadly true—today, in our world, weakness invites attack. And *peace is only for the strong.*

"Our present armed forces *are* strong—and growing stronger. But don't turn back the clock! Do your part toward *keeping* America's guard up by buying more United States Defense Bonds *now!* Back us up. And *together* we'll build the strong peace all Americans desire!"

★ ★ ★

Remember that when you're buying bonds for defense, you're also building savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So for your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong...
Buy U.S. Defense Bonds now!

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

The Caine Mutiny is the Pulitzer Prize novel!

. . . and winner of the *Saturday Review's* annual "Pulitzer Prize" poll of 25 of America's leading book reviewers!

BY **HERMAN WOUK**

512 pages, $3.95 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ex Libris:

MERRILL LYNCH

FICTION fans beware! Literature labelled Merrill Lynch is based on fact . . . makes fascinating reading —for investors only!

Take *"How to Invest"* prepared by our Research Department. It's a twenty-six page look at the whole problem of investing, points out the basic principles any beginner should know—and experienced investors should review.

It starts by showing you how to chart your financial position so that you can decide whether you *should* invest.

It defines different kinds of securities and the part each plays in reaching investment objectives of growth, income or safety . . . explains in detail what diversification is and why it's important . . . covers market trends and their effect on investments . . . contrasts various methods for managing a portfolio.

It lists the questions you should ask before investing in *any* industry, company, or security . . . suggests sensible ways to get the answers, and does intimate that Merrill Lynch is a pretty sound source of information, itself!

Why not ask for a copy of *"How to Invest"* at our nearest office. Or, if you *can't* come in, simply write—

Department JB-54

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 99 Cities

The Saturday Review

MAY 17, 1952

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

SR/IDEAS

Page

THE ILLITERATE AMERICAN WRITER, by Harold Strauss 8
PULITZER PRIZES: JUDGES AND CRITICS 13
THE RICH ORPHAN: AN EDITORIAL 20
AN OPEN LETTER TO ERASMUS, by Antonio Iglesias 23

SR/BOOKS

CONQUEST BY TERROR, by Leland Stowe
Reviewed by Edgar Ansel Mowrer 10

THE ENEMY WITHIN, by Raymond J. deJaegher
Reviewed by Hallett Abend 11

HOW TO CO-EXIST WITHOUT PLAYING THE KREMLIN'S GAME, by James P. Warburg
Reviewed by Vera Micheles Dean 12

THE BOGMAN, by Walter Macken
Reviewed by Harrison Smith 14

THE BENGAL TIGER, by Hall Hunter
Reviewed by Joseph G. Hitrec 15

THE FAMILY, by Caroline Ivey
Reviewed by Cid Ricketts Sumner 15

LOVE IS A WOUND, by Worth Tuttle Hedden
Reviewed by Josephine Lawrence 16

"KEEP YOUR HEAD UP, MR. PUTNAM!" by Peter Putnam
I'LL BE SEEING YOU, by Henry Barry
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe 17

WINDOWS FOR THE CROWN PRINCE, by Elizabeth Gray Vining
Reviewed by Lucy Herndon Crockett 18

LOVE CONQUERS NOTHING, by Emily Hahn
Reviewed by Bergen Evans 19

BLOOD, OIL AND SAND, by Ray Brock
Reviewed by Hal Lehrman 35

SR/THE ARTS

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Hollis Alpert 25
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes 26
TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon 29
MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin 33

SR/DEPARTMENTS

GOOD NEWS 5
TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf 6
LITERARY CRYPT 14
LITERARY I.Q. 16
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 21
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton 30
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 36
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 947 43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 20, May 17, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good News

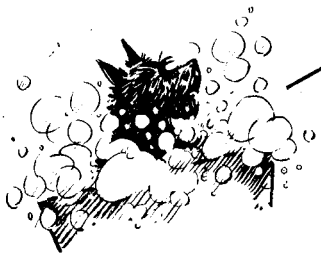
▸ A group of fifty-five U. S. women—wives of American airline pilots and other flying personnel based in Britain—have raised $1,000 to help send a British student to a university in the United States for a year. As a result Edward F. Cullen, a student of Cambridge University, England, will attend the University of Texas as a graduate student in chemical engineering in 1952-53. The idea was conceived when the group decided to "repay some of the kindnesses they had enjoyed in England" by sending a Briton to study in the U. S. and "further the exchange of ideas between the two countries." They collected money for the project by holding social events and raffles.

▸ New York's Governor Dewey has vetoed on constitutional grounds a bill designed to curb publication of "objectionable" comic books. The measure would have made it a misdemeanor to publish "comic" books or other books, pamphlets, or magazines dealing with fictional deeds of crime, bloodshed, or lust that might incite minors to violence or immorality. In a message explaining his veto, the Governor said the wording of the bill was so vague and unspecific as to be unconstitutional.

▸ Australia's Trade and Customs Minister, Senator Neil O'Sullivan, has announced that in view of the very special influence of books on the educational and cultural life of the country, the Government had decided that book imports should not suffer any cut in respect of the base year, 1950-51, on which the general import cuts had been imposed.

▸ In New York City the Federation Employment Service had good news for older workers: they can do a job as well, and in some instances better, than young persons. The federation, a non-sectarian, non-profit vocational guidance and employment organization, made a job performance study of 170 men and women between the ages of forty and sixty. Here are some of the results: 83 per cent of the workers equaled or bettered the production record of younger workers (42 per cent were judged to be better in their jobs and 41 per cent equal to the younger workers); 16 per cent were considered not as productive as the younger persons. Employers characterized 121 of the 170 sampled as better than average and described them as "trustworthy and dependable," "more reliable," "very cooperative," and devoted.

Pardon Our Pride!



"WE'VE A REPUTATION TO BE PROUD OF, WHITEY!"

"YES, BLACKIE, AND THAT OUTSTANDING REPUTATION IS DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE QUALITY AND CHARACTER OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY NEVER CHANGE."

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGNET BOOKS ▶ MENTOR BOOKS ▶ SIGNET BOOKS ▶ MENTOR BOOKS ▶ SIGNET BOOKS

Books of Distinction Wear Bands of Distinction

Signet and Mentor Books stand out from the mass of inexpensive paper-bound reprints because they are the best in every field—from serious fiction and non-fiction to entertaining novels of suspense and adventure.

To make it easier for you to identify Signet and Mentor Books quickly when you are browsing at any of the more than 100,000 bookstores and newsstands where these fastest-selling reprints are sold, E. McKnight Kauffer, noted designer, over six years ago, created unique solid color bands for the Signet and Mentor cover format.

Every Signet and Mentor Book published wears these two unique bands across the top and bottom of its front and back cover. Of course, since success breeds imitation, you might also check these three other points before you buy:

- **Signet and Mentor Books stand out because of their unique size — each is a little higher than the average low-priced reprint.**
- **Signet and Mentor Book covers display the best artwork in the paper-bound field in both concept and quality.**
- **The words "A Signet Book" or "A Mentor Book" are printed across each bottom band.**

For more than six years, the Signet and Mentor *bands of distinction* have been your guide to the best in "good reading for the millions." Make sure you get a Signet or Mentor Book the next time you're in the market for good reading at 25¢, 35¢, 50¢ or 75¢.

THE New American Library
OF WORLD LITERATURE, INC.
501 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

Publishers of Signet and Mentor Books. Write for our free catalogue.

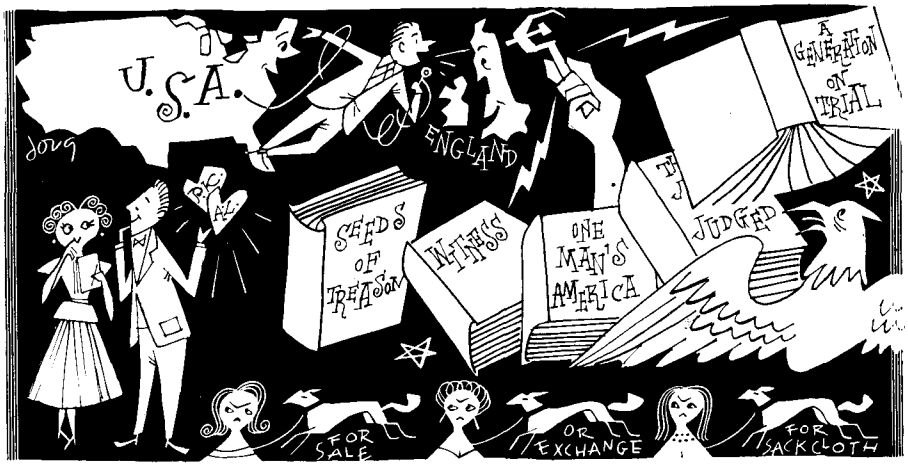
TRADE Winds

THE NEIMAN-MARCUS store in Dallas is one that loyal and voluble localites hold in special esteem. They feel—and rightly—that along with the *Dallas Morning News, Times-Herald,* E. De Golyer, the Art Institute, John Rosenfield, S.M.U., and some of the best bookstores in the country, Stanley Marcus's publicity-wise merchandising has brought Dallas nation-wide distinction and acclaim. When Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, therefore, picked out Neiman-Marcus and its employees for some of their most withering blasts in "U.S.A. Confidential," the whole town knew there would be a prompt counter-attack. It came in the form of a rock-crushing $7,400,000 libel suit against the authors, publishers, and manufacturers, on behalf of the store and fifty-four of its employees. Neiman-Marcus demanded $2,000,000, the other plaintiffs $100,000 apiece. . . . This suit, and others said to be in the offing, can come as no surprise to the men responsible for "U.S.A. Confidential." They must have known they would be called upon to substantiate some of their more serious charges in court. . . . It is encouraging to note how few hotheads seized upon this unparalleled opportunity to reopen a demand for censorship or police control of the books people read. This is one fight that seems to be almost won for the moment—but eternal vigilance will be required to make the victory secure.

ANOTHER FRONTAL attack against the forces that are trying to silence liberals in America is Merle Miller's "The Judges and the Judged" (Doubleday), a sober examination of the book "Red Channels" and the havoc it has wrought in radio and television circles. Walter Kerr, distinguished new drama critic for the *New York Herald Tribune,* says, "It is certainly not appalling that the American public should show hostility to Communism. It *is* appalling that the American defense against Communism should take the form of blind and literally unreasoning panic. . . . This implies a fear that the American processes are not adequate to the challenge which confronts them—a fear that democracy will no longer do.". . .

ALISTAIR COOKE is one Englishman who has been trying valiantly to show his countrymen the *good* side of life in America today. For his exemplary broadcasts abroad in that endeavor, he has received a special award from the Peabody Committee. Now Knopf has selected the best of his radio talks for a book called "One Man's America"—and heartening, fine reading it makes, too. . . . Alistair Cooke's last book, "A Generation on Trial," along with Lasky and De Toledano's "Seeds of Treason," is likely to enjoy a healthy revival when Whittaker Chamber's "Witness" hits the bookstalls next week, if the reaction of advance readers to Mr. Chambers's sensational book are any criterion. . . . Speaking of the house of Knopf, young Pat's announcement of his engagement to his secretary, Alice Laine (who is much too lovely for him), has sent a hundred disappointed debutantes scurrying to swap their borzois for sackcloth and ashes. The wedding will take place in August. . . .

AVIATION—WHEN IT WORKS ON SCHEDULE —makes a lecturer's lot a happy one. It enabled me to visit Palm Beach, Miami, and Cincinnati—and be home in New York four nights after I set out. At Palm Beach, thanks to Rose Carlebach and the Sonnabend clan, I slept in

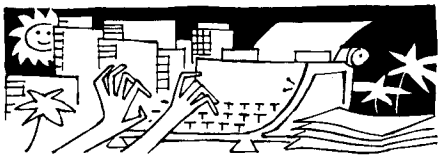


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the old and sumptuous bedroom of the late Henry Flagler, the man who built a railroad, despite incredible obstacles, down the Florida coast and on to Key West. The Flagler mansion is now part of Whitehall, one of nine luxury hotels operated by the Sonnabend group. Others include the Ritz Tower in New York, the Hotel Cleveland, and the Edgewater Beach in Chicago. . . . Enjoying the ocean breezes in Cabana One was the imposing figure of Charles Francis ("Socker") Coe. Socker has had over thirty of his stories serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post*—a record, I believe—most of them during the editorship of the late George Horace Lorimer, but he's charging back into action this summer with a hard-hitting political yarn called "Ashes."

For one Coe serial Lorimer suggested certain minor revisions in the plot structure, and "Socker" liked them so much he marched straight to a typewriter in Lorimer's ante-room and incorporated them in the manuscript forthwith. Lorimer read the revised version with marked satisfaction and declared, "This is the ticket, Socker! Best modern version of 'The Count of Monte Cristo' I've read this month!" . . . Coe recalls that another regular contributor to the *Post* visited the Curtis headquarters that day, too. It was Clarence Buddington Kelland, and he promised, "I'll have my new story ready for you in a couple of weeks." "Fine," enthused Lorimer. "Don't go changing that plot."

IN MIAMI, DR. FRANK B. SESSA showed me through the beautiful new public library, and then drove me over to the Beach, where the endless row of new modernistic hotels and two-story motels is enough to take your breath away. My own favorite will always be the Lord Tarleton, presided over by Walter Jacobs, known as "Saint Boniface" to stage and literary folk all over the country. Walter really loves the hotel



business, and it is a pleasure to watch him in action. It was Moss Hart who, upon receiving his bill for a fortnight's stay at the height of the season, muttered incredulously, "The Lord giveth, but the Lord Tarleton taketh away." Walter explained that American Plan is where the hotel starves you and European Plan is where you starve yourself—everywhere but at the Tarleton, of course. Cavorting on the Tarleton beach: the Budd Schulbergs, the Jack O'Brians, the Mark Goodsons. . . .

IN CINCINNATI, the employees of the Enquirer are putting up a valiant fight —they've raised over seven million dollars, as a matter of fact—to keep one more of the nation's outstanding newspapers from losing independent status. There are too many cities already

where the same interests own both the morning and evening papers! . . . Ray Walters and F. R. Neuffer, President and Dean, respectively, of the University of Cincinnati, have won recognition of their institution's major league calibre (more, possibly, than can be said for the town's ball club). Joe Stern's Red Cross Shoe Company, which has already sponsored the whopping Rodgers-Hammerstein and Irving Berlin TV cavalcades, is planning bigger and better divertissements. Kidd's, Stewart's, and Shillito's are getting the cream of the book business. And Eddie Jacobs (no relative of Walter) continues to win bridge and golf championships. The new hotel, the Terrace Plaza, with its lobby on the ninth floor (the first eight, windowless, are devoted to office space) offers a field day to patrons who like gadgets. If you push enough buttons, anything from a bed to the house detective is likely to come popping out of the walls.

I WAS REMINDED OF Sam Himmell's story of a newly crowned king of finance who showed his modernistic "push-button" mansion to a friend. "Here's the best gadget of the lot," he exulted. "After a night out, I sometimes feel like stepping into a nice hot bath right here without the trouble of going to the bathroom. I just press this button. . . ." He pressed the button and in rolled the bathtub, full of nice hot water—and the king of finance's wife.

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 946)

JOHN R(OY) CARLSON:
CAIRO TO DAMASCUS

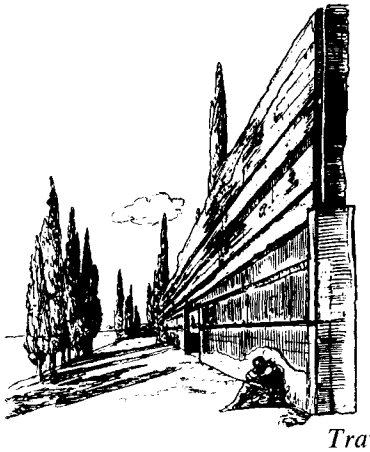
Had I not . . . seen two worlds —the East and the West—wracked by dissension, by narrow nationalisms, by selfish interests? Was my country . . . to travel the same paths? Were we . . . to darken the major beacon of faith in and hope for the future?

How America's foremost critics have welcomed this literary masterpiece . . .

2

ORVILLE PRESCOTT:

"It opens unexpected doors . . . Intellectually stimulating . . . the inevitable literary reaction provoked by the impact of a great subject on an unusual mind."
—*N.Y. Times*



ROME AND A VILLA

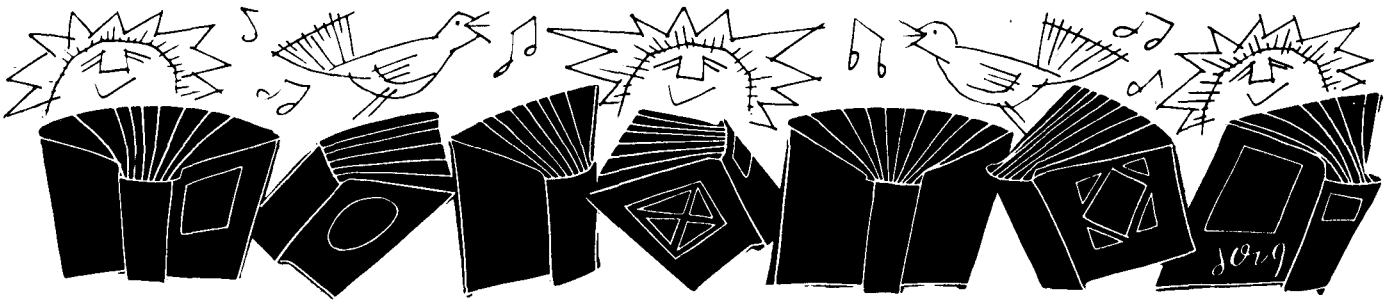
Travel notes through time and history, by

ELEANOR CLARK

Illustrated by Eugene Berman. Selected by W. H. Auden, Lionel Trilling, and Jacques Barzun for The Reader's Subscription. At all booksellers, $4

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Illiterate American Writer

HAROLD STRAUSS

Harold Strauss

WHENEVER I am asked what's wrong with American writers, and it is a favorite question to ask editors, several odd things happen. In the first place, I am compelled to talk much more about our culture as a whole than about writing as an abstraction. I tend to think of the republic of letters as a continuous field in which many processes interact: writers, critics, publishers, ideas and ideals, economic and cultural forces, and the psychological factor of role identification. As to this last, it involves the role that writers act out in their imaginations when they consider their ideal selves, the selves they want to be. Here personality and social forces interact, and it is a matter as complex and elusive as it is important. For it is this fantasy of the ideal self that does far more to influence writers than anything editors can say.

I also skip over the routine peeves that editors have against writers, simply because they are so familiar that they are boring. I am concerned with writing as an art, and not writing as a business, on which altogether too much capsuled advice has already been offered. In what follows, when I speak of young writers, I mean writers who are young in their profession, regardless of their chronological age. I mean writers who are still developing, whose personality, style, and view of life have not yet set into a fixed pattern.

What's wrong with American writers? The bluntest possible answer is this: Our writers lack courage, they lack education, and they lack loyalty.

To begin with the smallest problem, writers lack courage in the way they plan their lives and handle their personal affairs. I know that when they see most of their friends scurrying for security, looking for jobs in large corporations that will guarantee them steady advancement, retirement at sixty-five, and a pension, the personal risk-taking that a career as a creative writer involves becomes much more difficult than it used to be. No more than twenty-five years ago, writers *wrote*—and then sought to sell their work on the best possible terms. Today young writers, and also young would-be writers, seek the security of pieces of paper certifying that they are writers. They turn to creative writing courses, to the G. I. Bill, to university fellowships, to the foundations, and to publishers' contracts. These may be conveniences, but none of these devices can guarantee that they are writers and what is worse, these devices tend to obscure and damp down the dedication, the ferocious drive, necessary to succeed in any of the arts.

I don't object to artists living well. I have no liking for the garret theory of creativity. But I don't believe that writing should be regarded primarily as a business. It is a very uneconomic activity. The paper security that people seek in the age of anxiety is actually a deterrent to good creative work. Young writers discover all too soon that the paper charm isn't potent. In disillusionment, they turn from writing altogether. Very few now reach the maturity that American letters so desperately lacks. We are constantly turning up new seven-day wonders, but few of them are around on the fourteenth day. One reason for this is the cotton wool, or I suppose I should say paper, in which we wrap them at an early age. In the arts, the quest for security is nonsense. The artist's only security is constant insecurity. Therefore I think the most urgent question a young writer should ask himself is whether he can afford to be a writer—and not only financially, but emotionally and spiritually as well.

A MUCH greater problem is the lack of moral and artistic courage. We live in an age of conformism. Even opposition now is conformist, that is to say, patterned, organized, stereotyped. We have no one with a gift for mockery, no one with a capacity for Olympian laughter. There are no great rebels, no mavericks, no iconoclasts.

To the contrary, we live in an age of muted voices, of great technical skill lavished on small enterprises. There is a prevailing fear of ambitious projects, of work that demands broad knowledge and insight. One cannot often find what Francis Fergusson calls the novel of public affairs, such as Cozzens, Warren, and Trilling have written.

This is not the fault of writers alone. The critical world nourishes the vain hope that artistic proficiency can be divorced from artistic content, as Alex Comfort has pointed out. It will

---

Harold Strauss is editor-in-chief of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always settle for a polished surface surrounding a vacuum if it cannot have both glitter and substance—and that leads in the end to ignorance of content. The critical world believes that it is warring against pretentiousness. But its self-appointed policemen have, to a great extent, driven out imagination and ambition along with pretension.

Today pretentiousness is certainly less threatening than vacuity. Recently I saw a review that began: "X has chosen to tell a small story, and does so superbly well." I didn't read the book; I didn't even read further in the review. The absorption of writers in "small stories" is a retreat from the world, the great world. It is a sickness of the mind; it is the psychological phenomenon known to psychiatrists as rejection. So the difficulty is not only that such "small stories" are trivial in content by any mature standard; they also distort reality. For when a sick mind tries to pretend that life in a tree or in a Moroccan harem or, less luridly, in a London suburb or a Mississippi village is a separate and complete experience, reality is altered qualitatively as well as quantitatively. In schizophrenics, this rejection of the great world is the initial step toward hallucination and delusion. To writers at first it seems otherwise, for the private worlds they prefer to inhabit are small and safe. Living in them, the writer is protected from ridicule. On this, Gide says, "the fear of ridicule causes our worst cowardices." I would require of a young writer that he have the courage to dissent, the courage of irreverence, the courage to thumb his nose at the sacred stereotypes of his elders. I'd be willing to risk my own.

I ALSO feel that writers lack education. I can almost say that they don't know anything about anything except growing up in a small town. The smaller it is, the more they know about it. Some of them have been to war. Some of them know a good deal about homosexuality. But how many more novels on these few themes shall we publish?

There is something worse than their ignorance of the great world. *They don't read.* They are out of touch with the principal instrument of human communication—books. They are ignorant of the great traditions of Western culture. In the manuscripts I see, and I am talking only about those which show some talent and which must be taken seriously, I can almost invariably spot whether their authors are readers or non-readers. Many are shocked when I suggest to them that they should take time from their writing for reading. I heard James Jones in his National Book Award acceptance speech struggle bravely, and in a sense admirably, with his Elizabethan references. His intentions were good, but his awkwardness suggested what his book also suggests: that he is not a well-read man.

Ford Madox Ford, Willa Cather, John Galsworthy, Henry James, Edith Wharton, F. Scott Fitzgerald—"more an attitude of mind than a measure of genius."

One can be parochial in time as well as in space. In this temporal sense, young writers have only a parochial, that is to say, a narrow, momentary view of human values. For instance, they really, except in headline terms, know nothing about treason. They know nothing about loyalty. They know nothing about justice, or about injustice. They know as little about love as they know about hatred. Even in this materialistic age, they know little about the great power drives—the quest for money; the quest for prestige, the quest for pure power.

To give only a small hint of what I mean—I mean much more than this—they are totally incapable of dealing with the lives of the mighty as Shakespeare did in his historical plays. I am not asking the sophomoric question of why we have no Shakespeares. I am simply demanding that young writers know the direction of his gaze.

Another human value they ignore is decorum. Most of them think it has something to do with good manners. These miss entirely the significance of Peter Viereck's title, "Terror and Decorum." I will even assert that in this age in which freedom is said to be the greatest value, most writers, young and old, know virtually nothing about its true nature.

I can concede that our writers know a little about fear. But at heart they are know-nothings who expect their readers to know nothing. So it is that they live as if in a wilderness, building the hut of each new novel out of the locally available adobe mud. Not a beam, not a pane, will they import from the warehouses of civilization. For each book, they build a private and particular world. Being uneducated, they mistrust the rapid references of educated men. They become plodding documentarians. And there is a corresponding naivete in literary circles that mistakes their use of local adobe mud for a true understanding of the world. In this the exponents of the naturalistic or reportorial novel, and of the so-called pure novel, are alike: they are able to build only little inferences about human life because they have no time for big ones.

Our writers are out of touch not only with the past but with the significant ideas of the present. As casual examples, what do they know about the application of the theory of relativity to matters other than physics? About the displacement of Aristotelian logic by field theory? About the new answers of physicists and biologists to the novelist's own question, what is life? About the enormous advances in psychiatry and sociology since Freud? I believe that a novelist who undertakes to deal with the great world around him can no more afford to be indifferent to these questions than could Joyce or Dostoievsky—men who

(*Continued on page* 39)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World. *When we some day look back to this spring of 1952, it is likely that we shall think first of an ever-tightening fear of the imperialism of Soviet Communism. For Russia and her aims today dominate our newspaper headlines, our radio alarums—and our most widely discussed books. Last week we reviewed three important new books on this almost all-consuming problem: Sidney Lens's "The Counterfeit Revolution," Robert Vogeler's "I Was Stalin's Prisoner," and Adam B. Ulam's "Titoism and the Cominform." This week we review Leland Stowe's study of Kremlin over-all strategy, "Conquest by Terror" (below), Raymond J. deJaegher's eyewitness account of the Communist conquest of China, "The Enemy Within" (page 11), James P. Warburg's search to discover "How to Co-Exist with Russia" (page 12), Joseph Mackiewicz's story of a notorious incident in Poland, "The Katyn Wood Murders" (page 36), and Ray Brock's slapdash account of the tangled situation in eastern Europe and the Near East, "Blood, Oil and Sand" (page 35).*

Fringe of a Frenzy

CONQUEST BY TERROR. By Leland Stowe. New York: Random House. 300 pp. $3.50.

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

THIS is a book for all civilized human beings. But particularly it is for three sorts of Americans: (1) those who, unconsciously parroting the Communist line, insisted that the USSR "had a right to friendly neighbors"; (2) those who are still losing no sleep over the Soviet Communist menace; (3) those sweet souls who believe that if President Truman would only "understand" Russia he could easily reach a working agreement with Generalissimo Stalin over the conference table.

For the first sort are partly responsible for one of the most hideous crimes ever committed—Moscow's rape of Eastern Europe. The second are living (or rather sleeping) in a fool's Paradise, having failed to set the alarm. The third are too unworldly to survive.

"Conquest by Terror" is bound to deepen the American reader's understanding of what a dreadful thing has happened—and what it means to the West. This lesson is the more effective coming from Leland Stowe. Mr. Stowe ranks with the best reporters of our time. But, like other optimists, he was ready, just after the war, to "give the USSR the benefit of the doubt." Today, even the last shred of a doubt has gone. What the USSR has done to the once free peoples of Eastern Europe fills him with loathing.

He minces no words. "'How to Enslave Everybody' is a contemporary tragedy written in Moscow, produced and directed by Soviet Russians, and now being played throughout eastern and captive Europe—with a cast of ninety million persons. . . . Russia's Red totalitarianism [is] at its peak."

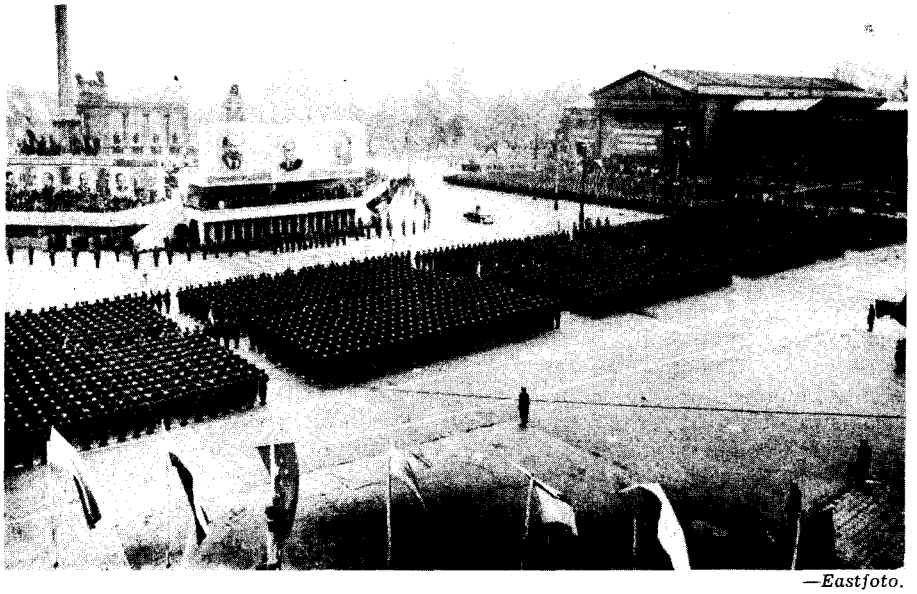
Back in September 1950, Mr. Stowe decided to report on what was going on behind the Iron Curtain in the belief that it would prove to be full of cracks and crannies that the West might enlarge and utilize. For almost eighteen months he worked gathering material and writing it up. He found the chinks all right—and seeping through them from within an immense amount of information. This information gradually shaped a picture "a thousand times worse than the average American conceives—or is prepared to believe." In consequence, Mr. Stowe has written of "Terror, Torture, and Murder, Incorporated, reaching one-third around the world."

Why be surprised? the well-informed and the cynical may ask. The pattern of Soviet society has been described in countless first-hand accounts and in a book like "1984." It never varies. Now the Kremlin has simply imposed this pattern upon the European countries it managed to seize and enslave (with our connivance). Here is nothing new.

Perhaps not. Yet it was supposed by some outsiders that the ugliness of Soviet tyranny had to do with the nature of the material it worked upon—the "backward" Russian peoples. Elsewhere Communism would be different. Only it isn't. The example of Eastern Europe shows that the Russian pattern can be imposed on any people, Chinese, North Korean—or American. Here is an important new fact.

The details are fearful. Over one million of the 90 million inhabitants of captive Europe are imprisoned—and the slave masters are building camps for more! (Between 42 and 70 such camps exist in Czechoslovakia alone.) One out of every nine human beings is some sort of police agent.

During 1951, over 100,000 Hungarians were forcibly deported from Budapest and border regions—sent away to toil and die. For as Mr. Stowe



—*Eastfoto.*

The Hungarian People's Army—"the USSR is feverishly organizing satellite armies."

Edgar Ansel Mowrer has been covering the foreign scene for American newspapers since World War I and won a Pulitzer Prize for his correspondence. His most recent book is "Challenge and Decision: A Program for America."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quotes from the "Soviet Encyclopedia" (1940): "Forced Labor is one of the basic measures of Soviet criminal law."

Startling to me remains the fact that despite the pressure on farmers and labor, the universal state robbery, the economic consolidation of the whole area with the USSR (through a Council of Mutual Economic Aid—"Comecon" for short) for the sole benefit of the latter (the area's potato crop—allegedly destroyed by potato bugs of U.S. origin —goes to Russia for vodka), the system requires slaves in order to work! To push it limpingly along, Communist inquisitors daily commit crimes that, "like the Nazis', are so inhuman that our imaginations can hardly grasp their enormity."

Mr. Stowe spares us nothing, from the original conquest and enslavement through a series of "measures to achieve real democracy" to naked terror, with the "greatest slaughter . . . somewhere ahead."

Unhappily, just as in the USSR, the lying and propaganda are so skillful that millions have awakened to the hideous reality only when it was too late. Lots of young people (Mr. Stowe thinks the majority) grow up enthusiastic over the only system they know.

Such a society is bad enough in itself. Yet many Americans will feel that it can be changed only by a third world war, and that nothing could justify such a catastrophe.

But wait a minute. The deepest purpose of the Communist system Mr. Stowe believes—*is* war—if necessary, against the United States. The satellite economies are geared to the USSR's war plans. That is the purpose of the frantic industrialization in all the satellite countries, which are producing as much basic industrial goods per capita as the Russians—"one half as much hard fuel and electric power, one third as much steel, one fifth as much oil."

The USSR is feverishly organizing ever larger satellite armies. They now have fighting forces of about one and a half million, mostly created since the Korean outrage, not counting the internal police armies. The USSR is supplying these fighting forces with weapons in abundance, most of them conventional (artillery, etc.). These may be outmoded but they won World War I and with them the Russians defeated the Nazis in World War II. Moreover, the Soviets have now equipped the satellite air forces with more new jets than the United States Air Force has in Korea. The building of new air bases in East Europe has outstripped what NATO has done in the West. In short, thanks to a two years' headstart, the satellite armies today more than counterbalance the new armies in West Europe in manpower and training.

They are a major element in the Kremlin's plans for taking over the world. We of the West must therefore ask ourselves whether there can ever be real peace again until Soviet Communism has been rolled back at least to its 1939 frontiers.

This—Mr. Stowe implies without saying—need not necessarily require a new world war. Communist society, particularly in the satellites, is honeycombed with weaknesses—basic barbarism, the luxury of the rulers, endless terror, the stubborn resistance of the peasants, native nationalism, remembrance of something better, the possibility that conventional weapons may be obsolete and, finally, the infinitely greater attraction of democracy wherever democracy is known. To make democracy effective and outdo the Communists in the field of propaganda laws become the aims of the U. S. Government's Voice of America and of the private Committee for a Free Europe. Both recognize that to influence multitudes, one must, like the Russians, literally drive simple things into their heads by endless repitition. Yet here, thanks to an economy-minded U. S. Congress, the Soviets are still outstripping us. They are still spending on propaganda for France alone and for jamming our broadcasts, respectively, as much as the Voice spends for the entire world. In the war of ideas Communism is ahead and gaining ground.

For how long? That, Mr. Stowe says bluntly, depends upon us. "If you read such reports as this and still find nothing to do about and for the free way of life . . . you will have taken your stand by default. . . . Either you stand with freedom—or you stand against it."

Creeping Terror

THE ENEMY WITHIN. By Raymond J. deJaegher and Irene Corbally Kuhn. New York: Doubleday & Co. 196 pp. $3.50.

By Hallett Abend

BOOKS about China have multiplied almost beyond counting in the last two decades, but most of them are now forgotten, and many of them were not worth the writing—or the reading.

This book, the first-hand account of a Roman Catholic priest and missionary, who spent many years in the countryside south of Peking, is a book that will be rightfully remembered and that should be read for many years to come. It tells the horrible tale of the gradual Communist conquest of the land of China, and the much more horrible tale of the conquest and attempted enslavement of the mind of the Chinese people.

Page after page, the work offers a series of memorable and striking pictures of seemingly trivial and occasionally important events, and each picture is as telling as a steel engraving reproduced from the clever pen of a great illustrator. Each separate picture bites as decisively into the mind of the reader as the acid bites into a metal plate.

Father DeJaegher saw and wrote like a trained observer. The book has little of the distinct flavor of his religion, and his attitude is that of a shocked friend of the Chinese people —not that of a shocked missionary. While it does not devote much space to either domestic or international politics, the book is a political document of great importance. It is made so by the candor and utter honesty of its author, by the clarity with which he transmits his observations, and the frankness with which he transmits conclusions which seem to be inevitable.

Irene Corbally Kuhn is listed as co-author, but the story is told in its entirety in the first person, as though the priest were speaking. Presumably Miss Kuhn served as a combination translator and ghost writer only. None of the experiences listed were hers. She did a good job, for the text is literate, smooth, and convincing.

Born in Belgium in 1905, Father DeJaegher was taken to England by

---

Hallett Abend, former China correspondent for The New York Times, *has written "Chaos in Asia," "Japan Unmasked," and other books.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his mother during World War I. When they returned to their native land after the armistice of 1918 the boy's father was dead and most of the family property had been destroyed. He attended the University of Louvain, and went to China in 1930 when he was only twenty-five years of age.

By 1937, when the long Sino-Japanese war began at Marco Polo bridge, the young priest was only thirty-two, but already he considered that China was his home, and his knowledge of the language of the country was complete. The mission and hospital which were his headquarters were at the city of An Kwo, about 100 miles south of Peking, and the Chinese Communist military arrived at An Kwo late in 1937. From then on for twelve years, through 1949, when he finally escaped from the Reds and came to the United States, Father DeJaegher lived under Communist rule except for a period of thirty months when he was kept in a Japanese internment camp in Shantung province between Tsinan and Tsingtao.

> In all those years [he writes] I never saw the Communists take any action that was not a carefully calculated move to advance Communism. What few persons realized at the time was that their "united front" with the National Government of China was a Moscow-ordered move. Its announced purpose was to fight Japan. This, I learned from experience, was entirely secondary, even incidental, to the primary purpose, the real purpose, which was to infiltrate Central China, eventually to seize all the land and all authority, and to exploit the patriotism of the people in order to impose on them by treachery and force this barbaric foreign ideology.

The author makes no bitter reference to the fact, but while this process was under way official United States policy was "to wait for the dust to settle."

The first-hand accounts of massacre, imposed famine, cruelty, and bestial torture bring to the reader a shiver of revulsion, but the book does not list the horrors for the sake of sensationalism. Even more frightening are the accounts of the planned ruthlessness with which villages, towns, and cities are gradually infiltrated and then taken over by the Reds, and of the measures they then take to sustain and perpetuate their authority. No book like this has ever come out of the Soviet satellite countries in central and eastern Europe, yet the system followed in China must have been imposed there too.

To say that "The Enemy Within" is as absorbing as a novel would be poor praise of a work of this stature.

Pulitzer Prizes: Judges and Critics

ON the opposite page appears *The Saturday Review*'s fifteenth annual Pulitzer Prize Poll, listing the nominations of twenty-five book reviewers and editors of the nation's leading newspapers. This list is published for purposes of comparison with the actual selections of the Columbia University's Pulitzer Prize Committee.

The Committee's selections in the literary fields were as follows:

Fiction: *"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.*
Biography: *"Charles Evans Hughes," by Merlo J. Pusey.*
History: *"The Uprooted," by Oscar Handlin.*
Poetry: *"The Collected Poems of Marianne Moore."*

The reviewers made their nominations several weeks before the Columbia committee announced its selections. The books receiving the most votes in the poll are:

Fiction: *"The Caine Mutiny," fourteen votes.*
Biography: *"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener, seven votes.*
History: *"Life in America," by Marshall Davidson, eleven votes.*
Poetry: *"The Collected Poems of Marianne Moore," ten votes. (Only sixteen judges made a nomination in poetry.)*

Like many of the book reviewers, the editors of *The Saturday Review* favored "Life in America" for the history award, but they hold high regard for Mr. Handlin's work, which falls more literally within the requirements for the classification. As for the other categories, the editors have high praise for the Pulitzer Committee. In view of our past criticisms, we are glad to record our present enthusiasm.

Success with Russia?

HOW TO CO-EXIST WITHOUT PLAYING THE KREMLIN'S GAME. By James P. Warburg. Boston: Beacon Press. 228 pp. $3.

BY VERA MICHELES DEAN

IN A period when non-conformism is too often regarded as synonymous with subversion and constructive criticism is equated with disloyalty, James P. Warburg, Deputy Director of the Overseas Branch of the Office of War Information in 1942-44, is an unusual phenomenon: he is a dissenter, and he is not afraid to make his dissent public. He is alarmed by the present situation where, he contends, "we are coming nearer and nearer to adopting the Soviet doctrine according to which public policy is determined by infallible men and unquestioningly endorsed by unanimous acclamation." He believes that it is the duty of a citizen who is not entangled in the preoccupations of running for or holding down office to speak his mind freely on issues of national concern, provided his views are underpinned with information. And having the gift of the pamphleteer, who cuts through academic circumlocution to reach his audience, he does so clearly, vigorously, and concisely.

Mr. Warburg's principal criticism of the Administration's foreign policy, in this as in earlier volumes, is that Washington accentuates the negative and emphasizes muscle rather than judgment. The question today, he contends, is "not whether co-existence is possible"—he agrees with the British writer Edward Crankshaw that the West and Russia obviously do exist side by side—but "what kind of co-existence is possible, and whether it can be made to last until the balance of physical and ideological forces is restored, or until a new and stronger system of collective security can be established." He believes that adjustments of conflicting interests between the United States and the USSR in "areas of collision" are within the bounds of possibility, and outlines the course he would like to see Washington follow on the most controversial issues of all—Germany, China, and Korea. He prefaces his suggestions by a strong defense of General George C. Marshall and Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

According to Mr. Warburg, in Europe the Kremlin wants above all to prevent the revivial of German militarism. This objective, he contends, should not be unacceptable to the United States. For, in his opinion, "German and French rearmament do not complement each other—they cancel each other out; hence, rearming

(*Continued on page* 34)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review's Annual Pulitzer Prize Poll

Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

Name and Medium	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
DAVID APPEL, *Philadelphia Inquirer*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Zachary Taylor," by Holman Hamilton	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	"Paterson," by William Carlos Williams
FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener	"George Washington," Vols. 3, 4, by Douglas Southall Freeman	
CLYDE BECK, *Detroit News*	"The Witch Diggers," by Jessamyn West	"Lord Chesterfield & His World," by Samuel Shellabarger	"The Forrestal Diaries," ed. by Walter Millis	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Charles Evans Hughes," by Merlo J. Pusey	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	"The Seven League Crutches," by Randall Jarrell
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Voyage to Windward," by J. C. Furnas	"Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," ed. by Elting Morison	
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*	"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger	"Autobiography of William Carlos Williams"	"Reunion and Reaction," by C. Vann Woodward	"Selected Poems," by Horace Gregory
AUGUST DERLETH, *Madison Capital Times*	"The Fortune Tellers," by Barry Fleming	"Jefferson & the Rights of Man," by Dumas Malone	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Charles Evans Hughes," by Merlo J. Pusey	"Origins of the New South," by C. Vann Woodward	
PAUL FLOWERS,* *Memphis Commercial Appeal*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Charles Evans Hughes," by Merlo J. Pusey	"American Diplomacy," by George F. Kennan	"Spirit of the Scene," by William Rose Benét
LEWIS GANNETT,* *New York Herald Tribune*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark News*	"Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.," by J. P. Marquand	"Raymond of the *Times*," by Francis Brown	"Show Biz," by Abel Green & Joe Laurie, Jr.	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *New York Herald Tribune*	"The Witch Diggers," by Jessamyn West	"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters & Charles Samuels	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*	"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron	"The Melville Log," by Jay Leyda	"The Forrestal Diaries," ed. by Walter Millis	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
JOHN D. PAULUS, *Pittsburgh Press*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Thomas Jefferson," by Nathan Schachner	"Mr. Lincoln's Contemporaries," by Roy Meredith	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *New York Times*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Thomas Jefferson," by Nathan Schachner	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"George Washington," Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, by Douglas Southall Freeman	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	"Paterson," by William Carlos Williams
W. G. ROGERS, *Associated Press*	"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger	"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener	"Mr. Lincoln's Army," by Bruce Catton	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*	"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron	"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters & Charles Samuels	"A Soldier's Story," by Omar N. Bradley	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Jefferson & the Rights of Man," by Dumas Malone	"The Uprooted," by Oscar Handlin	
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*	"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk	"Charles Evans Hughes," by Merlo J. Pusey	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	"The Mills of the Kavanaughs," by Robert Lowell
LON TINKLE,* *Dallas Morning News*	"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron	"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener	"Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson	"Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore
BEATRICE WASHBURN,* *Miami Herald*	"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron	"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters & Charles Samuels	"Magnificent Century," by Thomas B. Costain	
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*	"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger	"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener	"*The New Yorker* 25th Anniversary Album," ed. by The Editors of *The New Yorker*	

* Messrs. Flowers, Gannett, and Tinkle, and Miss Washburn suggested that a special award be given to "The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *Nearly all of this week's works of fiction contain ingredients that guarantee them wide popularity. In "The Bogman" Walter Macken combines the romanticism that has made Irish stories popular with generations of readers throughout the world with a touch of modern realism—a neat trick if you can do it as well as Mr. Macken. A writer who over the years has won a large audience with his fast-moving adventure tales chooses a new name (Hall Hunter) and a glamorous place and time (India in the 1850's) for another certain winner, "The Bengal Tiger" (page 15). Readers seeking well-conducted excursions through the pitfalls of romance and domesticity will find them in Caroline Ivey's "The Family" (page 15), Worth Tuttle Hedden's "Love Is A Wound" (page 16), and Mary O'Hara's "The Son of Adam Wyngate" (page 40). The writing of Wyndham Lewis is much more special, but Lewis fans find "Rotting Hill" (page 40), something particularly special.*

Ireland's Strong Poverty

THE BOGMAN. By Walter Macken. New York: The Macmillan Co. 316 pp. $3.50.

By HARRISON SMITH

THE fisherman, the peasant farmer, and the inhabitants of Dublin's slums have furnished material for a whole generation of Irish writers. Most of the younger school have grimly turned their backs on James Stephens's "Pot of Gold" and have illustrated through stark tragedy their disappointment in the revolution which has turned Eire into a republic independent of the British Crown, but which has not relieved the poverty of the common people. Since it is impossible to continue to attack the English landlord or the "Black and Tan" army of occupation, they now find their subjects in a puritanical and socialistic Government or the continuing power of the Church.

The rest of us prefer to think that there is something romantic in Irish poverty like the gnomes and hobgoblins, which does not exist, anywhere else on the earth. The writing of Walter Macken may be said to combine the qualities of Liam O'Flaherty and James Stephens, with a strong flavoring of Irish drama he honestly acquired as a playwright, as an actor in Dublin's famous Abbey Theatre, and as a director of the Galway Gaelic Theatre.

Mr. Macken's earlier novel, "Rain on the Wind," was concerned with the tribulations and passions of a young fisherman on Galway's wild and picturesque coast. His new work, "The Bogman," is the story of what happened to the illegitimate grandson of a farmer who had turned his daughter

Walter Macken—"realism and reality."

out of his home and sent her child to a state industrial school. At the age of eighteen young Cahal Kinsella came home to this crabbed and lonely old grandfather as happily as if he were going to his own wedding. He had been taught to obey any authority, and he gladly worked for him like a dog; at his command he even married a woman old enough to be his mother, for the ancient farmhouse needed a cook and a domestic slave. Cahal drove her home from the all-night celebration of her intoxicated family and fled from her early the next morning. Thereafter he slept alone. This was the beginning of his revolt and of his downfall.

Cahal belonged to the tribe of the black Irish, powerful and hairy men who had Spanish blood in their veins. In a previous generation he would have been a bard, for he sang songs about his neighbors that were popular through the countryside and were printed in broadsheets. The village was made up of only a half-dozen families, hard-working men and women living on the verge of bankruptcy. Some farmsteads had been abandoned when the sons and daughters fled to America and left the old people to die in the poorhouse; others had been bought up by dishonest Murphy who became Cahal's bitter enemy. Slowly the villagers turned against him; he was different and therefore dangerous.

Inevitably, Cahal fell in love with a red-headed girl whose father was the most intelligent of all the inhabitants. He became in the minds of his neighbors a bastard and a lecher, a menace to every maiden in the parish. His fate was sealed when it was discovered that his natural father was the shameless, rowdy tinker who traveled to the fairs and market-day celebrations with his gipsy woman. What happened eventually to free Cahal and send him away penniless with his girls is Mr. Macken's story and should not be disclosed here. It is enough to say that it is the essence of romance, that it appears to be the inevitable climax of a story which portrays the Irish peasant as either tormented and doomed to a bitter and savage old age or the surviving remnant of a once carefree and poetic race. Eire has long needed a romantic writer who can combine realism and reality, now that those staples of Irish literature, the beautiful colleen and the fairy-tale, have lost their appeal. It has found him in Mr. Macken.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 465

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 465 will be found in the next issue.

FCL ALKB-GHHNFEECM

DFSN PDFKL WLGNA

FSOPLEMDA FB AOSHET

AOGNLNA GCT FB

KFST DSRRGA.

—G. HFHL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 464

Society is like the air, necessary to breathe, but insufficient to live on.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indian Musk

THE BENGAL TIGER. By Hall Hunter. New York: Doubleday & Co. 319 pp. $3.50.

By JOSEPH G. HITREC

SON of a British baronet, and a remittance-man on the kind of lofty level where the term loses some of its odious meaning, Simon Peeltower chose India for his voluntary exile. That decision became necessary after an adolescent bit of exhibitionism at his father's home in Devon, which he had disgraced by dancing with the scullery maid in front of several distinguished guests. In India, Simon found he could live in reasonable style on his mother's inheritance. He shot big game, made love to eligible British virgins, and found time to dash off to Crimea for a spot of doing-one's-bit. By the time his father died and the inheritance dried up suddenly through a fumble in the mother's will, Simon had built up a colorful reputation for himself. It was the middle of the nineteenth century and the great Indian Mutiny—the so-called Sepoy Rebellion—was just about to break out.

In the mysterious ways of the East, everyone knew the Mutiny was coming long before D-Day and no one did anything specific about it. Simon Peeltower, reduced to having to earn a living, had himself hired by an upcountry village to stalk and shoot a man-eating tiger. The assignment completed, he was paid in kind—with the gift of Latah, "a lovely child of nature." Latah was not a virgin, as Simon's previous English girl friend had been, but she was ready to be awakened by Simon. In retrospect, that kind of thing appears to have been Simon's one distinctive contribution to life and happiness in India. Unluckily for Simon, the rumored Rebellion did break out on schedule, and the romance came in for an interval of strain.

The insurgent Sepoys took Delhi and Allahabad, and put a Mogul descendant on the throne. The fort of Diwanpani, commanded by Simon's friend, General Morrow, fell to the rebels and Simon left the jungle to help the party of surviving Britishers to escape to Calcutta. They were captured, however, and taken up to Delhi on a Ganges boat. A prize of war, General Morrow, was to be dragged in a cage through the streets of Delhi to emphasize some of the rebel's points; Simon and the others were earmarked for torture, rape, or killing. But as the boat slowly edged up the Ganges, it transpired that Simon was the only one of the Europeans who had made any real friends in India. Latah and Simon's huntsman, Puran, came to the rescue and the whole party made a run for it in the dark of night. Afterwards the group decided to hide out the rebellion in a deserted ruin in the hills. Here the personal sub-plots and unresolved relationships were finally sorted out.

"The Bengal Tiger" breathes an authentically sultry atmosphere, in which the army officers deport themselves as prototypes and their womenfolk reveal a convincing amour propre, while natives tread softly and face up to portentous events with grave proverbial utterances until aroused to hatred and murder. Indian flora and fauna make their charmed entrance on cue. And Hall Hunter, the pseudonymous author of it all, moves along at a nimble clip, with a zest that is as contagious as it is harmless.

—Bettmann Archive.

The Sepoy Rebellion—"torture, rape, or killing."

Southern Song

THE FAMILY. By Caroline Ivey. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 379 pp. $3.50.

By CID RICKETTS SUMNER

THIS is a book full of people, small Alabama townspeople: folks and trash, Negroes and liquor-making farmers. The folks—that is to say the top layer—chatter, laugh "like dams breaking and floods rolling," running on in a delightful manner that to one who knows the South is at once recognizable as remarkably true to form. As the title indicates, this is the story of a family, the Olmsteads: of Allen, the father, who rarely put his foot down and asked but one thing of his family—that they be happy; of Emma, the mother, past mistress of what the Yankee called vicious politeness and who "never got out the best china except for high company or for people she didn't like very much" (and what a charmingly revealing phrase that is!); of Uncle Wick, reserved and elegant in threadbare coat, like a broken-down count; of Mary Sheridan the youngest, quick, elfin, explosive, not yet fitted into the family mold; of Wyatt, lean and sensitive with a twist of bitterness on his mouth; of Jewel his wife, petulant, cool, and cruel, a misfit, a Clopton among the mannerly Olmsteads. And most of all it is the story of Shelby who was what she was because of her folks, who could not escape them or be altogether herself because of them. She loved her Yankee husband Stewart but could not understand his reserve or the block of ice that was inside him any more than he could understand the Olmsteads. He and Jewel are the aliens in this warm, close-knit loyal family group and inevitably they are drawn together in their strangeness, for Jewel comes of a family that is even more foreign than any Yankee could be.

Here is a situation full of tensions and stresses often vividly handled by Mrs. Ivey who writes in a crisp, clear-cut style that at times is as trim and darting and efficient as the movements of a tufted titmouse. Certain scenes are especially good—as when Wyatt swims the swollen creek to rescue three cows, or when Jewel has her first clash with the family and brings on Uncle Wick's stroke. Kaytee, the cook, is a real person who knows everything, and "never seed nothin but trash smoke standin up—it's all right if you set." And Miss Dolenska, Uncle Wick's old love who came for a birthday dinner twice a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year, bright as a cricket, old as Methuselah, wrinkled, daft, and wearing a hat with a feather, "raffish and spiteful as a fire-dog." Then there are the wild Preston boys, especially Dolph, magnetic, proud, who loved Shelby from afar and once held her naked in his arms and kissed her and she was glad of it. His mother was a friend, but not exactly the kind of friend to be invited to parties because she belonged to yet another stratum of society, not trash like Jewel's folks who were trash with money; she was one of the proud country people, capable of anything, good or bad, capable of rising in the world if given a chance. One of the interesting things about this book is its clear demarcation of these social layers.

A novel which in its framework depends on the moral, simple, yet vitally important tensions of everyday family life, which deals with people such as we all know, is more difficult to write than one with melodramatic plot dealing with the warped, frustrated, violent characters so familiar in modern fiction, especially Southern fiction. Mrs. Ivey has not been wholly successful in her attempt. The characters do not develop, grow richer and deeper with the events of the story. They change, it is true, but one is not convinced of the validity of those changes and the latter part of the book is a let-down into unreality. But there is a promise here and one may look forward to a second novel from Mrs. Ivey.

Made Madness

LOVE IS A WOUND. By Worth Tuttle Hedden. New York: Crown Publishers. 467 pp. $3.75.

By Josephine Lawrence

THE capacity of human beings for self torment often seems endless, but mercifully the zeal for martydom usually slackens when the victims grow old. The most terrifying quality in Worth Tuttle Hedden's impressive book is the ability of her characters to continue walking barefoot on red-hot-coals after fifty years of living in the flames of their wasted emotions. As a study of a domestic triangle, "Love Is a Wound" exerts a painful pressure that compels attention: the reader, believing every word of it, may also conclude that trial by fire is as likely to twist and warp a marriage as to purify it.

In 1884, when Ora Fanning begins her story, the Southern girl who didn't marry or at least become engaged, was an object of pity and derision. Ora, at twenty-five handsome and capable, had no confidence in her ability to attract a man. Her younger sister, Ellen, was a coquette and the brother with whom the girls lived, easy-going, interested in farming and in marrying a pretty neighborhood girl.

The young Methodist preacher,

Worth Tuttle Hedden—"trial by fire."

David Humiston, had begun to pay court to a pitifully flattered Ora when Ellen, returning home from a visit, caught his eye and he abruptly switched. David's treatment of Ora was the more abominable because of his easy reference to religious guidance and much of Ora's fury and resentment was justified. Unable to rescue herself, she accepted a gold thimble from David and made Ellen's wedding dress entirely by hand.

Ora, Ellen, and David each tell a portion of the long, dark story. It is never quite clear whether Ellen was driven by a sense of guilt, but David was definitely haunted. He and Ellen and their five children, all girls (a son died in infancy), molded their lives to conform to Ora's crazy imprint. Ora acted as if David and the children were hers; she waited hopefully for Ellen to die in every pregnancy and she made it impossible for husband and wife to display any affection in her presence. Later, when the girls began to lead their own lives, Ora staged wild scenes and went, to all appearances, raving mad. Once Ellen, as next of kin, had her committed to an asylum. David's peculiar conscience told him this was wrong, so Ora, who behaved herself beautifully in the asylum, was released. Years after this a psychiatrist diagnosed Ora's diseased love as a trauma —a wound—and explained it all glibly and possibly correctly.

Neither asylum nor psychiatrist blocked Ora. She took over the parsonage and David, following Ellen's death, and for five ecstatic years of her old age was head of his household. Then he retired from the ministry. She continued to keep house for him happily until the final moment when

(*Continued on page* 40)

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

DICKENS'S BACHELORS

Martha Clay, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, asks you to identify these bachelors and name the Dickens novel in which they appear. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 27.

1. This organ-playing bachelor studied architecture with a hypocritical knave, whose infamy he was among the last to discover.
2. This dissipated bachelor died to save the husband of the girl he loved.
3. This bachelor, who made Dickens famous, was sued for breach of promise and sent to prison because he at first refused to pay the costs.
4. These bachelor brothers made it the purpose of their lives to make their employees happy.
5. This bachelor took into his home two young people as his wards in chancery and also a girl whose guardian he was.
6. This bachelor, once a sea captain, had a hook instead of a hand.
7. This bachelor, who had a wooden leg, eked out his living by reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" to a wealthy junk dealer.
8. This miserly bachelor was changed in character by three bad dreams.
9. This bachelor lived in a boat high and dry on the ground with two orphans, a niece and nephew, and the widow of his dead partner.
10. This red-haired bachelor, a hypocritical knave, was forever saying how umble he was and grinding the palms of his long, lean, and clammy hands together.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History. *One of the things men seek most often in their reading is inspiration with which to meet adversity. Unhappily too much of what they find between the covers of books is cheap and shoddy, lacking literary merit. This spring several inspirational books more honest and able than most are being published. One, to be reviewed in these columns shortly, tells how a couple met the ordeal posed by a child who will never outgrow infancy; its name, "My Son's Story," by John P. Frank. Most men find it difficult to imagine a loss greater than that of their eyesight; but this too—as is shown in Peter Putnam's "Keep Your Head Up, Mr. Putnam!" and Henry Barry's "I'll Be Seeing You," both reviewed below—is a handicap that can be triumphantly met. . . . At a time Japan is regaining its sovereignty, the embroidered story of Elizabeth Gray Vining, American tutor of the Japanese Crown Prince, has interest* ("Windows for the Crown Prince," page 18).

Victory in the Dark

"KEEP YOUR HEAD UP, MR. PUTNAM!" By Peter Putnam. New York: Harper & Bros. 171 pp. $2.50.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU. By Henry Barry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 239 pp. $3.

By Ann F. Wolfe

THESE two histories of rebirth in the world of physical darkness constitute a new kind of success story—far and away the most exciting and inspiring kind. Each, in its way, glows with the white flame of spiritual triumph. One is the story of a twenty-year old civilian, a junior at Princeton, who lost his sight in a gun accident. The other is the story of a World War II soldier, three times awarded the Purple Heart, who was blinded by a shell fragment in Germany.

"Keep Your Head Up, Mr. Putnam!" was the first advice Peter Putnam heard at the Seeing Eye School in Morristown, N. J. It was only in the literal sense that he needed the advice; figuratively, his head was high in the air of youthful courage and zest for living. "All I had lost was my eyesight." Graduation from college loomed as the symbol of his first step in meeting life's new challenge.

At the Seeing Eye School Mr. Putnam not only learned to work with his guide dog, Minnie, but he enjoyed—and profited psychologically from—the society of his fellow students. They were a gallant and tonic company. Who could resist Mr. Torbak's robust sallies or Mr. McNeill's Scottish wit? The heroine of the story is, of course, Minnie. "She became so much a part of me that it was almost as if she were a physical extension of my body . . . sharing in all my subsequent experience."

The experience included acting in the Princeton Triangle show, which Mr. Putnam helped write and direct, graduation and post-graduate study, marriage and fatherhood, a brilliant career as teacher and writer. Even without that jacket picture of the good-looking Putnam couple on skis, the reader believes that the author is sincere in saying of his blindness: "Nothing about it was tragic."

In Henry Barry's blindness there was, at the outset, plenty of tragedy. Thirty-one years old and the father of two small sons, he clung desperately to the hope that one of his eyes could be saved. Actually, he was not only sightless, but so badly wounded that he had to use a hip-high brace. He was anguished by fear that his family would be ashamed of him. In both European and American hospitals he was surrounded by blinded, wounded soldiers.

How, from his first fumbling beginnings, Henry Barry learned to get about without help is a magnificent human document. But how he overcame his soul's torment and loneliness to achieve independence of spirit and a new set of life values has all the psychological drama of a modern "Pilgrim's Progress." In this case-history of a man's rebirth, there is a stirring tribute not only to Valley Forge Hospital and the rehabilitation school at Avon, Conn., but to the fellow patients who showed Henry Barry that he could do everything but see.

One of the many moving episodes in this little chronicle is the author's discovery that his sons consider him a hero. Another is the return of Pete Barron's wife. And don't think that Henry Barry lacks a sense of humor. It is a pretty exhilarating moment when he tells off a sharp-eyed, "loud-mouthed clown" with "Mister, you're blinder than I'll ever be." It is a pity that he had no way of getting back at the landlords who frankly and insultingly discriminated against him because of his blindness. This is highly ironic indeed, for Henry Barry, like Peter Putnam, has given us all new sight.

"Does that kid always have to throw the evening paper?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teen-age Hope

WINDOWS FOR THE CROWN PRINCE. By Elizabeth Gray Vining. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 320 pp. $4.

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

—*Court Photograph Kumagaya.*

Prince Akihito and Elizabeth Gray Vining—"low-bowing chamberlains."

MRS. Elizabeth Gray Vining is a tall, calm Philadelphia lady and zealous Quaker who in 1946 became the private tutor to the Crown Prince of Japan. This is her account of four years as trusted friend and intimate of the Imperial family; after reading her book it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect choice for her unique and demanding assignment.

Occupied Japan served as an almost ideal testing ground for many a high-flown democratic theory. Mrs. Vining, who by now must be thoroughly wearied of having her role likened to that of Anna Lenowens's at the Court of Siam, approached in a spirit of dedication this extraordinary opportunity for selling her message of peace to the future ruler of a country which had constitutionally outlawed war.

Essentially her assignment was to teach English to the Crown Prince, but the Grand Steward soon made it clear that it was hoped she would, in the process, "open windows on a wider world" for the Imperial heir. Although her duties were broadened to include English lessons for the Empress and other members of the Imperial family, Prince Akihito was her primary concern.

She found a twelve-year-old boy living apart from his family, deeply encased within the protective formality of his own household, rarely making a move, physical or mental, that was not prescribed by the chamberlains in constant low-bowing attendance. Mrs. Vining's story is the record of "firsts" in new experiences for the Crown Prince, as with meticulous planning of each unprecedented step she proceeded to break down his isolation. Her delicate task was facilitated by the confidence she quickly won from the Imperial family and its close advisers, and from the conservative chamberlains themselves.

Mrs. Vining's description of the separate Peers' and Peeresses' schools, where she conducted English lessons in those classes attended by the royal children, will come as a shock to Americans used to a high standard of comfort and equipment in their own schools. Equally impressive are her comments on the hunger for knowledge of her Japanese pupils.

When this reviewer was in Tokyo Mrs. Vining was considered very much a social catch for high-brass Occupation dinner parties; it was clearly understood that she had neither time nor inclination for the general run of Occupation frivolities. Her house, shared by her interpreter and close friend, Tané Takahashi, impressed the visitor by the charming, conservative taste of its furnishings, but most of all by its air of serenity. An acute consciousness of the serious purpose of her presence in Japan is reflected throughout Mrs. Vining's book.

Her experiences were undeniably unique. No other foreigner has been privileged to look in so intimately upon the mystery-shrouded life of the Imperial family. Many American readers, unaccustomed to being impressed by the remoteness of royalty, may not share her breathlessness at the rare honors accorded her. Nor, with our impatience for ways we don't understand, will every reader be properly appreciative of such dead-serious Imperial traditions as the Emperor's Poetry Party, participation in which clearly left Mrs. Vining awed. It is a little difficult to see the carefully arranged encounter between General MacArthur and the Crown Prince as quite the "historic meeting" that Mrs. Vining has it.

The author has had the good taste not to make the usual humorous comparisons between ourselves and a people strikingly different from us. If virtually everyone she meets in Japan is "gracious," "charming," and "with dignity," it is perhaps because she did not feel free to be too objective about her employer-hosts and fellow professionals in teaching and welfare fields, or perhaps it is not within the generous nature of the author to see characteristics other than favorable ones. Her general observations scattered through the book incline to be excessively fair rather than profound. Her main injunction to her pupils is the standard one we have been dishing out to the Japnese since earliest Occupation days: "Learn to think for yourselves."

"Windows for the Crown Prince" leans heavily upon notes made at the time that not only include descriptions necessary to give a graphic and personal picture, but are complete down to personages present at this tea or that dinner party, topics discussed, who sat on the right of whom, what was served, and even the degree of appetite shown by the more important participants. Miss Vining also religiously notes such smiles as were cast in the author's direction by the Empress and her position at functions in relations to those (many) of lesser and (the very few) of higher rank. It is fortunate that the very detailing of these incidents exerts a fascination, for without them this would be a slender volume indeed.

Lucy Herndon Crockett, who lived in Japan during the early days of the Occupation, is the author of "Teru: A Tale of Yokohama" and "Popcorn on the Ginza."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Love & Ambition"

LOVE CONQUERS NOTHING; or A Glandular History of Civilization. By Emily Hahn. New York: Doubleday & Co. 315 pp. $3.75.

By Bergen Evans

MISS Hahn surveys a baker's dozen of famous amorous scandals and comes to the melancholy conclusion that "love seldom conquers anything; it only makes a mess of arrangements once in a while and for a little time." In the ceaseless struggle between love and ambition, ambition always wins. The Trojans would have been defeated, with or without Helen. The world was well lost for Cleopatra's love only in the imaginations of poets, certainly not in Antony's. Miss Hahn has very little patience with poor Antony. She sees him as a weak-willed sot who turned at Actium not through an excess of love but through an excess of fear. She insists that the false report of Cleopatra's death was not an accident but a deliberate ruse on the queen's part to get rid of a "sodden coward" who had become a dangerous liability. "And I for one," Miss Hahn grimly adds, "respect her for the deed."

And so on down the list of lovers. Queen Marie Françoise's changing of her royal Portugese spouses had little effect on history or even on her own domestic tranquility. Marian Hastings gambled for big stakes, but who can say whether she lost or won? Nelson would have triumphed and died at Trafalgar anyway; Lady Hamilton was only an added worry. Lady Flora Hastings, it is true, almost upset Her Majesty's Government and probably hastened Victoria's marriage to Albert, but Lady Flora was a victim not of love but of cancer and hence lies outside Miss Hahn's thesis.

It really depends, of course, on what is meant by "conquers." Miss Hahn's own rather masculine attitude (which she calls "feminist") leads her to share the yearnings of ambition, so that when she says that her central figures didn't "get anywhere" by falling in love, she seems to mean that they did not thereby advance their material welfare. But surely love has its victories no less than ambition and some of these victories are apparent even under Miss Hahn's good-natured scorn. She confesses—indeed, she *exults* in the fact—that Katheryn Howard's avowal of her love for Culpepper, on the very scaffold, was a crushing blow to Henry. It would be hard to imagine a ghastlier tragedy than Sophie Dorothea's love for Philipp Königsmark, but there was a splendor in even trying it; love did find a way, however frustrate and doomed. Lady Hamilton may have had no effect on Trafalgar, but she unquestionably had an effect on Nelson and still more of one, it is assumed, on Lady Nelson. And didn't her reticence—in her bearing of and in her bearing *with* Horatio—constitute a victory of love?

Such arguments, however, are merely a tribute to Miss Hahn's provocative manner. The thesis of the book is not too important. The narratives are fascinating in themselves and reading about love as Miss Hahn writes about it certainly conquers boredom. She must have done an immense amount of reading in preparing her book and she summarizes her masses of material with an easy conciseness. It is a matter of great satisfaction, to one reader at least, to have the story of George I's wife set out completely and clearly, to know how the Princess Talleyrand got her start, and to be told what happened behind the scenes when Lady Flora's disease was mistaken for pregnancy.

Some of Miss Hahn's cases defy analysis. Helen of Troy is hardly an historical character. And a seventeenth-century West-African queen, who kept fifty young men in women's apparel as her consorts, is more enjoyable than comprehensible. One would have to know whether this entourage was a tribal custom or an idiosyncrasy, and if the latter, did it gratify vanity or concupiscence? And, even when such questions had been answered, one would be only beginning the quest.

Not that there is no value in conjecture. Indeed, in these realms it is one of life's greatest pleasures. And Miss Hahn is a very good guide. She enjoys gossip for its own sake. She is humorous without leering, cynical but not callous. Under the smile and the shrug there is a great deal of quiet pity. A very nice touch is supplied to her narratives by her feeling for the varying degrees of annoyance that must have afflicted the peripheral figures. History may not be very encouraging, but it is infinitely moving and Miss Hahn agrees with Byron that there is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

—*Houston Rogers, London.*

Emily Hahn—"good-natured scorn."

Bergen Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University, is the author of "The Natural History of Nonsense" and other books.

Personal History Notes

THE ELLEN KNAUFF STORY. By Ellen Knauff. Norton. $3.50. On August 29, 1951, the Board of Immigration Appeals found that Ellen Knauff, who had been fighting for entry into the United States under the War Brides Act, was as sound as a silver dollar, and should be free to become an American citizen. The Board also found, in between the lines of its decision (reprinted in an appendix, it is an excellent and heartening document in its clarity and absolute fairmindedness), that the Immigration Service treated Mrs. Knauff outrageously, and tried its best to get her permanently deported to save face; that the Department of Justice, which includes the Service, is sick with the ancient disease of bureaucratic rot—a not unknown fact, of course; and that the law which states that immigrants may be deported as risks for reasons of pure hearsay and without any sort of hearing is a highly dubious one. For more than three years Mrs. Knauff, together with an alert press, two fine lawyers, a few members of Congress, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the Supreme Court, had struggled to clear herself of the charge of being a "security risk"—an accusation which she found out about only indirectly. That she has at last disproved the charge means that justice, in the right hands, is as bright as ever. I might add that Mrs. Knauff, in telling her story, does quite a lot of dancing and flag-waving, but then it's hard to blame her.

—Whitney Balliett.

I LIVE AGAIN. By Ileana, Princess of Rumania. Rinehart. $4. There is a Mrs. Habsburg who lives with her six children in Newton, Mass. Five years

(*Continued on page* 38)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1952, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Rich Orphan

TWELVE years after the United States threw isolationism out of the window and for the second time helped to re-establish a precarious balance of world power we find our American civilization, our culture, and our aims attacked from abroad and caustically analyzed at home. We have a few ardent and sincere domestic defenders and others who, after exhibiting our political innocence and other more obvious vices, weight the balance in our favor. It is discouraging for an American who is not a student of history or economics to be told that we are essentially naive; that, according to D. W. Brogan's "The Price of Revolution," our own Revolution was unnecessary and that it fostered the bloody Revolution in France and later infected all Europe. We are inclined to believe that when the Declaration of Independence announced "All men are created free and equal . . . all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" it was the herald of a better world. Mr. Brogan writes, "The American Revolution did not live up to this preliminary billing; it is a sad truth that no revolution ever does. . . . American grievances were serious but not maddening; some of the most important were prospective." He adds that the French Revolution might also have been avoided. It is a persuasive argument, though it avoids the fact that human beings throughout history have revolted against their oppressors.

Mr. Brogan provides rational explanations for European displays of hostility toward the United States. They are the result in the first place of envy at the obvious disparity in the fortunes of individual Americans and the wealth of American communities abroad in the face of European poverty. Europeans were easily convinced that Lend-Lease and the Marshall Plan were motivated for profit; to avoid a depression we were forced to give away our surplus goods. This resentment is revealed in Aneurin Bevan's "In Place of Fear," in which the man who may well be Britain's next prime minister regards the United States as only somewhat less dangerous to peace than Russia. His reasoning is that although we are technically brilliant, we are socially blind and our "economic adventurers" are as deadly as the Communists in undermining "free institutions," by which Mr. Bevan apparently means Socialism. He has little to say about the billions that the Marshall Plan has poured into Europe in the hope of restoring the economic and industrial power of distressed nations. He is aiming at Point Four when he says that the United States has already made some contribution to backward countries in the East, but it is "woefully small compared with the need, and of late the ability to do more has been endangered, if not frustrated, by a rearmament program on an ill-considered and unnecessarily lavish scale." We are, he adds, repeating the same folly in China. "The way to treat a revolution in an agrarian country is to send it agricultural machinery."

MANY of Mr. Bevan's comments on Russia and the Korean War are hard for an American to swallow. He writes, "If Korea probed American weakness it also revealed Russian strength. Yet Russia did nothing about it except to go on helping North Korea. . . . There is no evidence to show that the Soviet Union wants a trial of strength. She can, of course, fall into it." It is obvious that Mr. Bevan means that she can be pushed into it by American belligerence. He continues in the same vein to say that our reaction to our military unpreparedness dealt a deadly blow to Europe's economic recovery and "revealed the weakness of the motive behind Point Four." If this motive had been altruistic it might have stood the strain, but it was represented to the American people as the "bulwark against the spread of Communism." This remarkable statement appears to be illogical. Is it any less altruistic to teach backward peasants methods of modern agriculture and provide them with modern machinery because we hope that it will prevent them from falling into the hands of Communist dictators? Or perhaps Mr. Bevan does not believe that that is in itself an altruistic aim.

No one can doubt Aneurin Bevan's honesty. He believes that Socialism is the cure for all the political and economic evils that afflict the world with a fervor that can only be matched by the Politburo in Moscow. It is inevitable that he should regard our attempt to retain free enterprise in the United States with hostility. If he should do us the honor of visiting this country, he quite probably would not change his mind and would find our society as objectionably uniform as all our European visitors. According to Peter F. Drucker's "The Myth of American Uniformity," in this month's *Harper's Magazine*, this is the most common and treasured of all foreign axioms about America. It infiltrates all foreign conceptions about us and is a ready explanation of why Europeans find us objectionable. Nothing will convince them that we are not regimented and monotonously alike.

Reinhold Niebuhr's "The Irony of American History" is an admirable definition of the position of America in the light of our history, though it is almost as discouraging to find that the United States is a subject for irony as it is to be told we are innocent, naive, uniform, and dangerous to world peace. "We face the ironic situation," Mr. Niebuhr writes, "that the technical efficiency which provided our comforts also placed us in the center of the tragic developments in world events. . . . There are irresolvable contradictions between prosperity and virtue, between prosperity and the good life." Can it be proved that we would be more virtuous or have a better life if we were poor? Can any of these comments on American civilization be proved to our satisfaction? It appears to be our lamentable fate to attempt to save the world from war and chaos and to be disliked for what we assumed to be our virtue.

—H. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Textbook in America

SIR: Of course, you expect to be deluged with letters motivated by the diverse views expressed in the symposium "The Textbook in America" [*SR* Apr. 19]. As one with a wide and practical experience of years behind him as a supervisor in a field of secondary education in several different states, I feel that something should be said for the teachers' point of view on this matter of the textbook in America.

Although the teacher in the classroom is the one into whose hands the textbook is put for use or abuse, I find too little said about the teacher as one concerned in the selection of the text. Only the practical schoolman, Superintendent Willey of Winnetka, would have the teacher play a part in the selection of suitable texts. His whole contribution will strike most schoolmen as the sanest word in the symposium.

Naturally, the businessman, Mr. Adams, wants the schools manipulated largely in the interests of big business, an outcome which most schoolmen fear as much as they do the intrusion of the Federal Government into local education. One thing, however, he did say that is worthwhile; namely, "Is not the function of our school better described as being, primarily, not to teach young men and woman *what* to think, but *how* to think?" To this we all will give assent.

Naturally, also, the textbook publisher gives the impression that he is concerned about sales. Mr. Pearson will not agree very enthusiastically with Superintendent Willey when he says that the best procedure is this: "For a class of twenty-five pupils the needed variety may be provided by having five copies of each of five different texts available for classroom use." Obviously, this will cut sales of any particular text. But the procedure is sound and would be a much-needed step in getting the direction of teaching out of the hands of textbook publishers back into the hands of the teaching profession. Too long the trend of education has been set by textbook writers and the publishers. The politics of education is too much mixed with the sale of textbooks.

By all means give teachers a voice in selecting texts they must use. What does the average board of education know about textbooks? Would a board of directors of a big business concern itself much with aids used by workers and supervisors? Directors are concerned with the product and its sales, dividends, capital stock, with the success of their business. Leave the selection of texts to those most connected with their use—teachers, supervisors, the school administration. All others are too much apt to be guided by prejudice, intolerance, and a lack of knowledge of the educational procedure.

E. BRAD RICHARDS.

Norfolk, Va.

SIR: The article by Mrs. Turpin in the textbook symposium describes a questionnaire in which parents, teachers, and students in a Florida high school rated the importance of these objectives for the school: "character building, citzenship, democracy, discipline, getting along with others, good work habits, health and safety, how to make a decision, how to study, responsibility, textbook facts, developing leadership, and clear thinking."

Textbook facts came out thirteenth on the list, a not surprising result considering the unclear thinking behind the objectives and their phrasing. Those who answered the questionnaires apparently realized what the framers did not, that since many of the objectives could not be attained without the mastery of a fairly large number of textbook facts, the inclusion of the item separately was an error of overlapping classification. One mother sensibly explained that the accumulation of facts should be the means to an end rather than an end in itself. But the inclusion of "textbook facts" in a list where it does not belong produces the curious finding that for the solution of the major problems of life, facts recorded in books are of small importance.

The writer proceeds: "In spite of the evidence to the contrary, there will be those who will cry that parents want more emphasis on the three R's." What evidence to the contrary? None is presented in the article other than the low rating of "textbook facts." But the three R's are skills, not textbook facts. Since skill in the three R's is not listed in the questionnaire, those who answered had no opportunity to rank its importance; hence there is no evidence.

Educational surveys have of late been conducted in various communities, ostensibly to discover what the public thinks of the work of the schools. Not all have been entirely honest, and we have the disconcerting phenomenon of professed character builders issuing slanted and incomplete questionnaires, designed to shape public opinion rather than to sound it out. So we hear parents thoughtlessly echoing such fuzzy pedagogical wisecracks as that it is the business of the schools to teach children, not subject matter—a false antithesis of the indirect and the direct object. Now, the schools have always taught children. The question at issue is not who is being taught but what is being taught and for what purpose.

There is scholarly work being done in the field of education by men just as determined to find all the evidence and to test the validity of their conclusions as are research workers in other fields. For the sake of their own reputations, isn't it time that they disciplined the charlatans in their midst?

GERDA OKERLUND.

Normal, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I've got a better idea—we'll rob the rich and keep it ourselves."

SIR: After much perusal of Verne Kaub's denunciation of textbooks in your recent symposium I find myself somewhat bewildered by his confused notion of what it is he is defending. Ostensibly this is the American Way of Life (capitals his), which he identifies with the coexistence of capitalism, "a government republican in form and basically individualistic" (how could a government be individualistic?), and Christianity. Although representative government is one ingredient of Americanism, however, he objects to textbooks which "describe America's government as a democracy" because he objects to democracy! We must not call our government a democracy any more because the Communists say that *they* stand for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democracy. Mr. Kaub is correct, of course, in saying that "Communists use 'adopted' words for their own purposes"—and "democracy" is, of course, one of them; but he does not tell us why we should allow the Communists to steal a word that rightly belongs to us. The word "democracy" has a long and hallowed association with the American form of government, even though Mr. Kaub dislikes it. His objection is that it "means government by men" (whom else has he to propose?), "rule by the majority" (correct), "rule of the stronger—the jungle law." He doesn't explain how the weaker could *ever* rule, nor why representative government is "jungle law."

His religious objection is that "the slogan of democracy is '*vox populi vox dei*.' To a Christian this is heresy." In short, he identifies democracy with the deification of man, or practical godlessness. Yet he clearly believes the founders of our country were Christians, and he cannot deny that they considered themselves democrats. Thus, they cannot have shared *his* view of democracy; they must have considered it compatible with their Christianity. Nevertheless, they did not derive it from the Bible. It is not true that "the Constitution . . . is the moral law of the New Testament" nor that "it was in the New Testament that Thomas Jefferson found the basic American ideology, written in deathless phrases in the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence." I challenge Mr. Kaub to show where in the New Testament it says that all men were created equal and endowed with inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These are, in fact, humanistic convictions, whereas the Bible is theocratic throughout and teaches humility, subservience, and long-suffering. So when Mr. Kaub complains that "these statements about the bases of our American Government . . . are not to be found in modern texts," the answer is: "Of course not, for they have no foundation in fact!"

This confusion of Christianity with our form of government leads Mr. Kaub to treat capitalism as if that also were taught in the Bible. He objects to the principle that "the student is entitled to a fair presentation of all phases of any problem, so as to be able freely to make up his own mind," and calls it "this wishy-washy approach." At the same time, he objects to the one-sided teaching which he advocates being called indoctrination. Any modern concept of maturity he calls "revoltingly un-Christian counsel." "Christians know, of course, that redemption, not education, is the cure for the evil in men's hearts." If that is the case, why not just leave it all to God?

RICHARD KIRK WASHBURN.

Springfield, Mass.

SIR: I have read with a great deal of interest the symposium on "The Textbook in America." I think that you have made an excellent and well balanced presentation of an extremely important subject.

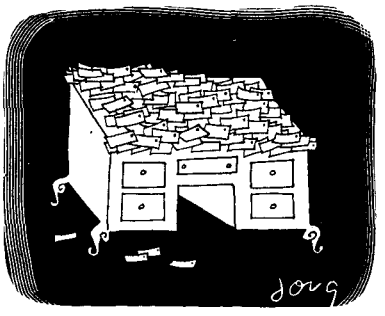
I should like to point out, however, that in the section entitled "A Year's Textbooks" you have listed our publication "The Past That Lives Today" as a college textbook. Since a great deal of thought and effort was devoted to making this publication an effective instrument for the high school student I am very much disturbed to see it listed as a college text.

FREDERICK D. BECKER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: It is difficult to write with equanimity concerning the utterances in the textbook symposium of K. W. Colegrove, whose activities recently have been in the political arena rather than in the ivy tower. Mr. Colegrove poses the question: Who shall review textbooks? He disqualifies churches, labor unions, and even the National Educational Association as groups too biased for this job. Instead, his nominee is *The Educational Reviewer*, an organ of the Conference of American Small Business Organizations, which organization, by an amazing coincidence, is the one that sponsored Mr. Colegrove to write the article.

It is, however, with Mr. Colegrove's remarks about the "Teacher's Guide for Civics" used in the Chicago high schools that I wish to take issue. I



am such a teacher, and as I write I have a copy of the "Guide" before me. I charge Mr. Colegrove with deliberately misrepresenting and distorting the aims and purposes of the course of study. Mr. Colegrove asserts that according to the "Guide" the *chief* aim of civic education is, "To create an awareness of the certainty of change; to develop in students the habit of looking for such changes and to develop the ability to analyze them and to act upon the basis of this analysis." The quotation is correct but nowhere in the "Guide" is there any statement that this is the *chief* aim. Rather the syllabus lists a total of eight aims, none of which is expressly or impliedly designated as *chief*. Mr. Colegrove further charges the "Guide" with conveying "the assumption that all change was for the good of the people." I challenge Mr. Colegrove to produce a scintilla of evidence to support this rash statement. I have read and reread the syllabus and can find none. Finally, Mr. Colegrove contends that in the "Guide" not a word was said about the need for studying the principles of the American Republic and the "free economic system." Even a superficial examination of the syllabus would refute that charge, since well over 100 pages are devoted to doing just what Mr. Colegrove suggests. And instead of ignoring "the free economic system" the syllabus provides specifically for the study of the laissez-faire philosophy and the benefits of the free enterprise system.

Since the Chicago syllabus is not generally available, many of the readers of *The Saturday Review* perhaps have been misled by his article.

SIDNEY CASNER.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: In "Using the Wealth of the World," a secondary school descriptive economics textbook, I make a brief comparison of "The American Private Enterprise System" and "Other Economic Systems." In characterizing Fascism I stated: "Thus while Communism is a movement by and for the masses, Fascism started as a movement to use the masses for the benefit of the state and of the middle and upper classes." In Mr. Kaub's article he lifts from the above sentence one phrase, "Communism is a movement by and for the masses," and on the basis of his interpretation of this, and of a reference of which he disapproves, he includes this book in his sweeping conclusion, "Modern textbooks strike sturdy, telling blows at the bases of American liberty."

Actually the chapter cited condemns Communism. The major objective of the text is a description of the operation of our economic system. While some weaknesses are pointed out, the basic attitude is favorable and appreciative. I regret that by the unscientific technique of "proof by selected instances," Mr. Kaub so unfairly condemns this book.

ROBERT I. ADRIANCE.

Orono, Me.

SIR: Mrs. Turpin brought me to it. She stated that out of 366 parents, only six put "textbook facts" as being of first importance in a list of "general objectives" for the schools. Mrs. Turpin thinks this is a good thing. I think it is appalling. I send my children to school to learn to read, to write, to figure, to collect some facts. That objective is specific; if the schools accomplish that I am satisfied. Family life, if given a chance, can impart "character building, citizenship, democracy, dicsipline, getting along with others, good work habits, health and safety, how to make a decision, how to study, responsibility, developing leadership, clear thinking." So can churches and clubs. But who has the training, the time, the textbook for teaching the fundamentals? The teachers are the only ones; if they fail, then the child will never have them. Let the teacher keep his mind on his work, his eye on the textbook, let him put all his ingenuity and effort into imparting learning to his students. If they get some of those qualities mentioned in the objectives, as a result of a good teaching job, and some of them cannot help but be a part of a good teaching job—then, well and good. But the child is there to be taught; the textbook contains things he should know. The important thing is for the child to learn facts and skills he will gather nowhere else.

Let us put first things first. Schools are to teach fundamentals. In obtaining these fundamentals, if a good job is done, other things will be learned also. But the target for which the teacher should aim is the transfer of knowledge and skills from the teacher and textbook to the child.

ELIZABETH S. YOST.

Collegeville, Pa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Open Letter to Erasmus

ANTONIO IGLESIAS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of an occasional series of "Open Literary Letters" by Antonio Iglesias, SR contributor and author of "Culture's Emergent Pathway."*

I CERTAINLY am not writing this open letter to you, beloved and admired Desiderius Erasmus, to tell you what you already know so well, namely, that in my time you are one of those classics that everybody praises and few persons read. Among our scholars and humanists you have, to be sure, some ardent and enthusiastic admirers. But our admiration for you and for your works cannot approach the widespread and profound admiration, bordering on worship, bestowed upon you by your contemporaries. Your excellent biographer Preserved Smith tells us that by the time you died at Basle on July 12, 1536, you had become "the bugbear of the bigots, the terror of the tyrants, the hope of the moderates, and the darling of the humanists," and that all of them admired you for your classical scholarship, loved you for your Latin satires, and appealed to you as the one man who might successfully mediate "between the two great religious armies of Protestants and Catholics and thus avert a war which threatened the fabric of European civilization." Another biographer of yours, Mark Pattison, has called you "the greatest humanist of the Renaissance" and the first man of letters to appear in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. To which high praise Stefan Zweig has added that "of all the writers and creators in the West" you were "the first conscious European, the first to fight in behalf of peace, the ablest champion of the humanities and of a spiritual ideal."

Do you begin to see now why I am writing this open letter to you? Because we, too, are trying to avoid a war that threatens, not merely to rend the fabric of Western civilization, but to destroy it altogether. We, too, sorely need enlightened and cosmopolitan Europeans and Americans, fully armed with the humanities and lofty spiritual ideals, to fight in behalf of world peace. And how much do we need today highly civilized men of letters, like yourself, to frighten the bigots, to terrify the tyrants, and to revive hope in the hearts of the moderates!

I have been encouraged to write this letter to you by the realization that you lived, as I live now, in an age of violent transitions, transvaluated values, cultural re-orientations, and daring and decisive innovations. For one thing, you personally and enthusiastically were one of the outstanding humanistic leaders of the Renaissance, that rebirth of the human mind, that new awakening of vital energies and intellectual powers in Europe, that new way of looking at everything under the sun; a mental evolution as well as a cultural revolution which brought the modern world into existence with its new conceptions of philosophy and religion, its reawakened arts and sciences, its firmer grasp on the realities of human nature and the world, its manifold inventions and discoveries, its altered political systems, its expansive and progressive forces.

Your aforementioned biographers correctly remark that we humanists of the twentieth century cherish your memory for the great and noble ideals that animated your life and your writings: your hatred of fanaticism, your sincere pacifism, your genuine cosmopolitanism, your great faith in education and in learning, and your religious universalism—civilized ideals which, alas!, seem to be disappearing from our hurried and harried lives.

If you may be said to have hated anything wholeheartedly, you hated fanaticism, which you looked upon as the antithesis of sound reason. You were yourself the least fanatical of mortals and, combined with your kindliness of heart, your tolerance made every form of intolerance irksome to you because you were convinced that nearly all the conflicts arising between individuals and groups could be adjusted successfully through a little yielding on both sides. You were, therefore, an ardent pacifist and you considered war as the grossest and most devastating manifestation of man's inner contradictions and, consequently, irreconcilable with your conception of what constituted a moral and reflective person. No wonder, then, that the best tract you wrote in favor of international peace proposes a World Court and a League of Nations as practical measures to end war. What you thought of the utter irrationality and monstrous insanity of war is plainly stated in one of your famous letters:

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Erasmus—"expansive and progressive."

> I often wonder what it is that urges, I will not say Christians, but men, to such a pitch of madness that they will make every effort, incur any expense and meet the greatest dangers, for their mutual destruction. For what else are we doing all our lives but waging war? We are worse than the dumb animals, for among them it is only the wild beasts that wage war, and even they do not fight among themselves, but with beasts of a different species, and that with the weapons with which nature has furnished them; not as we do with machines invented by the art of the devil, nor for all manner of causes, but either in the defense of their young or for food.

Your kind and understanding natural disposition, your Christian charity, your splendid humanistic education, your many travels, and your fairly long residences in England, Italy, France, Switzerland, Upper Germany, and the Netherlands made you a true cosmopolitan, a genuine internationalist. As you recognized no superiority of one nation over another, and as you had disciplined your mind to estimate each people by the criterion of the noblest and the most cultured of its sons, each nation seemed to you as worthy of your affection as all the others. So, one of your finest personal endeavors was your constant striving to unite the men of goodwill in every land into one great league of the educated and the enlightened. With all the great humanists of the Renaissance from Petrarch to Goethe you enthusiastically shared the belief that the true progress of your fellowmen could be achieved by means of their cultural enlightment; by the spread of a system of education in which the devoted and conscientious study of the great

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophers, poets, and saints that you loved so very much would raise the individual, as well as his community, to a higher cultural level and to a higher plane of conduct.

Your religious universalism, the genuine "catholicity" of your Christianity, was, to my way of thinking, the noblest expression of your Christian humanism. For, as Zweig summarizes it, your persistent aim was to loosen Christianity from that which is narrowly dogmatic so as to bring it into harmonious unity with the universally human. You earnestly desired to see adopted into Christianity everything that the other religions of the world have invested with ethical values, to intensify therewith its ethical and spiritual fruitfulness. Because, as you truly wrote, "Wherever you encounter truth, look upon it as Christianity." You believed, therefore, that all that was noble and sublime in antiquity should be gathered within the Church, "as when the Jews in their flight from Egypt took with them their gold and their silver utensils to adorn the temple they would build." According to your conception of religion, nothing that has ever been of great moral importance or of spiritual significance to mankind should be excluded from the Christian doctrine, inasmuch as there are neither specifically pagan nor exclusively Christian truths—truth being always divine in every one of its myriad human manifestations. Hence you dreamed of an ultimate synthesis of all forms of religious, ethical, and spiritual beliefs, of a *re-naissance* of Christianity that would free the world forever from strife and counter-strife so that a universal faith in the true and only God might actually become the all-embracing religion of humanity.

This letter, my dear teacher of humanism, is not written to the moralist who wrote the "Colloquies," nor to the sparkling and prolific letter writer, nor to the learned theologian and celebrated editor of the Greek New Testament and of some of the early Fathers of the Church, nor to the great controversialist of the Reformation. It is addressed to the humane and wise humanist and witty man of letters who wrote "The Praise of Folly." Your biographers tell me that you wrote this literary jewel in the autumn of 1509 while staying as an honored guest at St. Thomas More's cheerful mansion in Bucklersbury, and that you wrote it in *seven* days to detach your mind from the pains of lumbago and to play a learned joke on your beloved host by making its Greek title, "Moriae Encomium," mean both "The Praise of More" and "The Praise of Folly."

How shrewdly wise Folly acted in choosing you as her mouthpiece! Who else could have defended her more thoroughly, with finer eloquence, and with greater Christian charity? And, admirable Desiderius, in this short book charged and supercharged with irony, could you yourself say where the wisdom of Folly ends and the folly of your own wisdom begins? I, for one, cannot. What is clear to me is the all-

infolding charity with which you and Folly judge all fools. For in this kindliest of satires there is neither bitterness nor hatred; none of Swift's savage indignation or of Voltaire's supreme contempt. What I find everywhere in it is an uncanny understanding and a profound commiseration for the countless follies of your fellowmen. Like a loving and indulgent father teasing his naughty children, you gently and wittily tease all and sundry: the babbling rhetoricians, playing both sides against the middle; the lawyers "weaving together six hundred laws in the same breath"; the proud of birth, the money-grubbers, and the adulators of the rich; the scientists claiming to know for certain what no man can find out; the theologians who are so happy in their self-love rather than in their loving knowledge of God; your lazy and silly fellow monks blissfully happy in their ignorance and self-satisfaction; the kings and the ruling princes completely oblivious of their social obligations while they faithfully worship Folly together with their courtiers; and bishops, cardinals, and even popes slavishly aping these worthies instead of gloriously imitating Jesus Christ's life on earth. You spare no one, you except nobody, because no human being ever lives outside the boundaries of Folly's universal empire.

And yet you yourself managed with incredible mental agility to be her faithful mouthpiece and at the same time to escape from her sway to pass sound judgment upon what she is and what she does. For what really amazes me is the mysterious manner in which the rich complexity of your being is clearly manifested through the multicolored brightness of Folly's motley. How did you manage, Erasmus of Rotterdam, to reflect your inner being rightside up in this magic mirror that reflects so much that is human upside down? In this unmatched little squib of yours I discern, with astonishment and admiration, the universality of your humanistic and theological culture, the piercing penetration of your subtle intelligence, your lively and charming wit, your delicious sense of humor, your undeceived clear-sightedness, your razor-sharp critical acumen, your vast and profound knowledge and sympathetic understanding of human nature, your artistic refinement, the delicacy of your touch, the fastidiousness of your scholarship, your literary polish, the comprehensive irony that informs your jibes with their implied pleadings for tolerance and for a charitable understanding of man's shortcomings, and the spiritual loftiness of your Christian vision of the world.

It is precisely because you harmonized so successfully and so effectively in your life and in your work these remarkable talents, high accomplishments, excellent virtues, noble ideals, and lofty aspirations of yours—and also because our present need is so pressing and so great—that I have been emboldened to ask you to do us a very special favor: Will you come back to the earth once more for two or three weeks to write a "bigger and better" Praise of Folly for our edification and possible salvation?

BEFORE you classify me among the maddest and most preposterous of fools for making such a request, allow me to justify my strange behavior with the following arguments. As I have tried to show you, my own time of troubles has many enlightening parallels with your Renaissance and Reformation. For another thing, I have also tried to show that you have all the required qualifications for writing the sorely-needed praise of our follies. In the third place, in your lifetime you already knew theoretically that Folly would reign among us just as widely and as imperially as she reigned among you and your contemporaries. Then again, some of the particular follies that you described so vividly are still very much with us. And, finally, we now have vast follies distinctly our own, follies that would make all the follies you knew insignificant by comparison.

Just to whet your satirist's appetite and further induce you to come to our assistance, here is a mere sampler of the magnificent follies of my time. Mighty nations feverishly arming to the teeth and constantly provoking each other with the avowed purpose of preventing another world war. An "economy of abundance" in the United States of America which is supposed to be maintained by the wholesale destruction of limited natural resources, the scrapping of perfectly use-

(*Continued on page 37*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

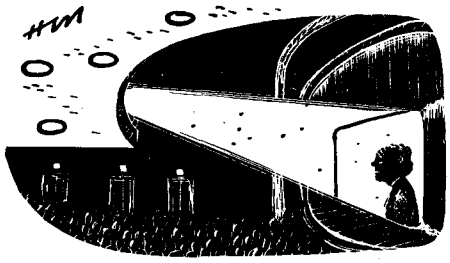
A MIXED BAG

HOLLYOOD is beginning to take its baseball slightly more seriously than it has in the past. To prepare Dan Dailey for the role of Dizzy Dean in "The Pride of St. Louis," Twentieth-Century put a former big-league catcher on the payroll to help turn the actor into a reasonable facsimile of a ball player. The six weeks of playing catch evidently did some good, for Dailey easily outshines, with his playing ability, former major leaguers like Jimmy Stewart, Gary Cooper, and William Bendix. By this I mean that Mr. Dailey looks considerably less spavined than the portrayers of Monte Stratton, Lou Gehrig, and Babe Ruth, and even good enough to have lasted two-and-one-third innings in a department-store-league game. This represents a wholesome improvement over the usual style of ball playing in movies, and it's all to Dan Dailey's credit (and the cameraman's) credit that he manages so well. He achieves even more verisimilitude when he gets down to the business of *sounding* like the fabulous Dizzy, who could both talk and pitch a good ball game. As should certainly be known by now, Dan Dailey is a highly capable actor and comedian, and he recites a great many Dizzyisms like "The fell slud into secont base," with all the relish that Olivier gives to his intonations of Shakespeare.

The story is pretty standard Hollywood biography, put together by that old hand Herman J. Mankiewicz, but it does stay close to the main outlines of the fabulous Dean career, finding in it what I guess the front office would call a nice mixture of humor and sentiment. There is the inevitable final scene, when Dizzy (through as a pitcher, but a successful radio baseball commentator) goes out to play some ball with the little fellows of the neighborhood. Joanne Dru, as the faithful baseball wife, is innocuous enough, and I liked Richard Crenna as brother Paul Dean. A likable picture, all in all, and one that should do no one any harm.

* * *

"The Fighter" (United Artists) takes us back for the second time in the season to Mexico, year 1910. I haven't read "The Mexican," the Jack London story from which the film was adapted, and thus can't say how closely Aben Kandel and Herbert Kline, the screenwriters, have stuck to their source material, but I can say that they have made a sorry mess of the screenplay. Nor are Richard Conte and Lee J. Cobb able to give the faintest amount of conviction to their respective roles of Felipe, the Mexican revolutionist and gamecock, and Durango, a guerilla leader who functioned at the



same time as Zapata. Herbert Kline has directed it all with a heavy, cliché-filled hand, and James Wong Howe, who has a reputation for photographing fight scenes, makes the boxing matches look utterly silly—round after round of slugging that would have stretched out a whole row of heavyweight champions.

* * *

M-G-M is busier than ever grinding out musicals. Their latest is titled "Skirts Ahoy!," the meaning of which at once becomes clear when you realize that it's all about the Waves who train at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. They march, scrub floors, and chase sailors, and the basic theme seems to be that, oh, the sky is blue in a technicolor musical and it's nice to be a Wave now that the sailors are here. This report will have to be brief because I can't seem to remember the story that binds the musical numbers together. Something about three girls —Esther Williams, Joan Evans, and Vivian Blaine—who have joined the Waves because of some busted romances.

* * *

There is a message, and a very serious one, in a feature-length documentary compiled by The March of Time. The gist of "If Moscow Strikes," is the gist of Vannevar Bush's book, "Modern Arms and Free Men." We can be free and relatively safe, according to this sober argument, only by making certain that our weapons of defense and offense are of the latest and best, and that scientific research take a major part in this task. The movie takes a look at the weapons developed during World Wars I and II, and then goes on to demonstrate the forms an attack on us might take, and ways in which this attack might be met and countered. There is remarkably little crying of alarm. Mr. Bush appears on the screen to lecture briefly on the myths and realities of atomic warfare. He made very good sense to me as, for instance, he explained how long-range rockets (strongly in the popular conception of how the next war will be fought) with atomic warheads might very well prove to be both prohibitively expensive as well as inaccurate. He indicates the ways in which an atomic air raid could be stopped before the bomb release point, but at the same time gives some credence to the belief that large coastal cities could be blasted by an atomic attack from submarines. Radar, sonar, and the proximity-fuse type of explosive shell will be prime weapons in any defense, along with our ability to mount an overpowering offense. However, Mr. Bush seems to indicate that if war should come we would be likely to suffer some initial atomic blows before putting counter-blows into effect. The question of how to prevent a future war in the council halls is not touched upon. First things come first, the movie seems to say, and the realities are harsh.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

The Sniper: An intelligently executed melodrama about a compulsive killer. (*SR* May 10.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Miss Julie: Based on Strindberg, this importation from Sweden is gloomy in tone, sensitive in execution. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

5 Fingers: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

Cry, the Beloved Country: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Broadway Postscript

SIR CEDRIC IN SHAWLAND

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once told Sir Cedric Hardwicke: "You have the face of a scholar and the mind of a clown." Having the soul of an actor, Sir Cedric has been able to exploit both aspects of his personality by alternating between such austere roles as Creon (in Jean Anouilh's "Antigone") and the stern father of Elizabeth Barrett (in Rudolf Besier's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"), and such comic portrayals as Sir Toby Belch (in "Twelfth Night") and Burgess (in Shaw's "Candida"). In the latter type of part he has always hidden behind ingenious make-ups that have caused credulous theatre-goers no end of consternation in their efforts to discover who the funny old man was.

In "Don Juan in Hell," however, the fifty-nine-year-old star is playing the comic role of the Commander without the aid of greasepaint and crepe hair, and getting his laughs from the very fact that he combines grave visage and clownish action.

"At first, I missed the make-up very much," admits the actor who prefers Shaw's contemplative heaven in the daytime and Shaw's sensual Hell at night, "because I am not the confident kind of actor who plays himself no matter what the role. I am timid and self-conscious and only at ease when I can take refuge behind some character. But then I realized that this was the kind of thing I had always wanted. A play where you invited the audience to play a game with you and use its imagination. By our not using make-up or scenery each person would go away from the theatre with his own picture of Don Juan, the Devil, Dona Ana, and the Commander, instead of being stuck with some imperfect conception of our devising. How many plays have seemed wonderful in rehearsal only to be destroyed by the introduction of realistic scenery and costumes which prevented the viewer from using the same imagination he was forced to use when watching the uncluttered rehearsal?"

Sir Cedric does not wish to imply that the Drama Quartette's method of staging should be used for other plays. "The method Charles Laughton arrived at grew out of the needs of this particular script. Shaw wrote the play just as a musical composer writes a quartet for four different voices. He believed that the color of the voice is the best method of attacking the mind and ear of an audience and he thought of a theatrical company as an orchestra. That's why you usually find that in Shaw's plays just as soon as one tone becomes tedious, he will drop the character and let another come in. He seems to have discovered exactly how long one character can profitably speak. I timed the Devil's speech in 'Don Juan' and it runs eight minutes, which is the same time that Magnus's long speech in 'The Apple Cart' and the Inquisitor's long speech in 'St. Joan' take."

In "Don Juan" the scores of the dialogue placed on music stands beside individual microphones not only give the actor business to occupy himself with, but also justify his staying in one place instead of making the usual stage moves. "Of course, we never actually read the printed dialogue, even though we do turn the pages. I think if one of us forgot a line and tried to get it from the score sheet he really would dry up." The actor also admits that most of the seemingly spontaneous laughter and "breaking up" in the play is rehearsed. However, he has no shame about such counterfeiting, because he is not of the school who believes that an actor must live his part. "A good actor is one who counterfeits the impression that the line or the action is happening for the first time. He must be a good editor, pruning out the non-essentials and showing the audience what they *think* they see. Whatever an actor does or says should first be indicated in his brain or lack of brain."

As proof of his contention that acting is a learned pattern of behavior, Sir Cedric cites an experience he had several years back when he was called on to step into his old role in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" on two days notice. "I had played the part for more than a year in London, but I couldn't remember a line. However, I found myself clutching at an imaginary something in the area of my chest as I read the script aloud. Finally, I asked Guthrie McClintic to get me a monocle that hangs around the neck, which is what I had used in London. As soon as I put it on the whole thing came back to me."

HARDWICKE doesn't share the usual actor's anathema for long runs. "The longer you run, the more you can polish your part and the more sensitive you become to the effect of your work on the audience. While he finds every audience different and some more responsive than others, the only general rule that he can draw about performances is that second nights tend to be terrible and that bad weather and bad news usually make for poorer audiences. Thus, Sir Cedric has no regrets about going on tour with the Quartette next season as planned. He likens the foursome to a group of expert bridge players. As long as they are all expert your game can't help but improve. It's only when you play with players not on your level that it disintegrates."

Turning to a discussion of Shaw himself, the actor, who has played many Shavian leading roles under the playwright's guidance, plainly showed his pride in their association. "When I started acting," he explained, "I shot at being another Sir Henry Irving. Those were the days when a star over-

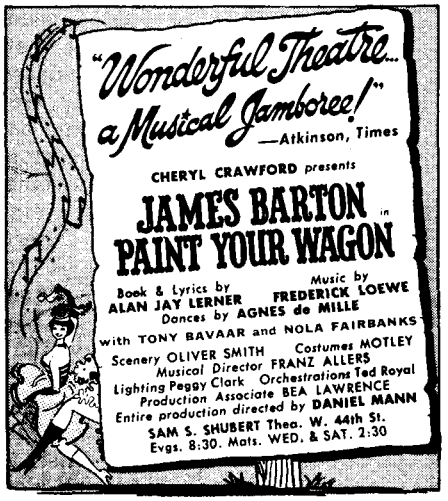
—Murray Garrett—Graphic House.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke—"contemplative heaven . . . sensual hell."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF
ST. JAMES THEATRE, West 44th St.
Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1.80. Matinees
Wednesday & Saturday at 2:25: $4.20 to 1.80.

Pulitzer Prize & Critics' Award Musical Play
MARTHA WRIGHT
GEORGE BRITTON
IN
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEATRE, West 44th St.
Eves: at 8:30: $6.00 to 1.80. Wed. Mat. at
2:30: $3.60 to 1.20. Sat. Mat. $4.20 to 1.20.
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP


"Wonderful Theatre... a Musical Jamboree!"
—Atkinson, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
JAMES BARTON in PAINT YOUR WAGON
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with TONY BAVAAR and NOLA FAIRBANKS
Scenery OLIVER SMITH Costumes MOTLEY
Musical Director FRANZ ALLERS
Lighting Peggy Clark Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
Entire production directed by DANIEL MANN
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
HENRY FONDA
IN
"Point of No Return"
A new play by PAUL OSBORN
Based on the novel by JOHN P. MARQUAND
with
JOHN CROMWELL • LEORA DANA • FRANK CONROY
COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON • ROBERT ROSS
BARTLETT ROBINSON • PATRICIA SMITH • PHIL ARTHUR
Settings by JO MIELZINER • Directed by H. C. POTTER
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $4.80 to 1.80. Fri. & Sat. Eves.:
$6.00 to 2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20 to 1.80. Tax Incl.
ALVIN THEATRE, 52nd St. West of B'way

Film Programs Puzzling?

Complete index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in *SR's* "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.

Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to

FILMS
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

whelmed any script he played. Why, Eleonora Duse, when she played Mrs. Alving in 'Ghosts,' made Ibsen's play appear stupid. The thing to see was her performance. Then Shaw came in and threw out the cardboard, and all we actors had to change from the spell-binding sort of thing to a kind of acting aimed at getting the intent of the play across."

Sir Cedric believes that Shaw, because of the unusual length of his life, was given an extra period following the usual three allotted to geniuses. I'd say Shaw's first period was one in which he was writing for special actors in order to get produced, say from 'Widowers' Houses' to 'Caesar and Cleopatra'; his second period, when he became financially independent, and struck his stride as a writer, from 'Man and Superman' to 'Major Barbara'; his third period in which he wrote his more philosophical plays like 'Heartbreak House,' 'Back to Methuselah,' and 'St. Joan,' and then his last period in which his ideas were still brilliant but in which the construction tended to become careless. I think the best play of this period was 'Good King Charles,' which I don't believe has ever been done on Broadway. I wanted to play Charles in England but Shaw wouldn't let me."

Hardwicke's favorite Shavian role, however, is Captain Shotover in "Heartbreak House," which he played in London, under the banner of Sir Harry Jackson. "While Shaw's characters are circumscribed by Shaw's own point of view towards them, he was always wise enough to allow room for an actor's collaboration and personal style. In fact, he once said I followed his stage directions too slavishly. Shakespeare's characters, on the other hand, are always Cleopatra as herself, never quite understood even by Shakespeare."

Sir Cedric has the further distinction of being a member of the first company to do Shakespeare in modern dress. He is a great supporter of such a method, because he feels that it gives the best lines more contemporary meaning. He would like most to play Angelo in "Measure for Measure" and Falstaff in

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tom Pinch, in "Martin Chuzzlewit." 2. Sidney Carton, in "A Tale of Two Cities." 3. Mr. Pickwick, in "Pickwick Papers." 4. Charles and Edwin Cheeryble, in "Nicholas Nickleby." 5. John Jarndyce, in "Bleak House." 6. Captain Cuttle, in "Dombey and Son." 7. Silas Wegg, in "Our Mutual Friend." 8. Ebenezer Scrooge, in "A Christmas Carol." 9. Daniel Peggotty, in "David Copperfield." 10. Uriah Heep, in "David Copperfield."

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
RAFAEL SABATINI'S
"SCARAMOUCHE"
starring
STEWART GRANGER • ELEANOR PARKER
JANET LEIGH • MEL FERRER
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by CAREY WILSON
An M-G-M Picture
•
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"BAND-BOX REVUE"
Sparkling new stage show . . . produced by Russell Markert, settings by James Stewart Morcom . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club. Symphony Orchestra under direction of Raymond Paige.

MANERO'S
MANERO'S
FAMOUS FOR FILET MIGNON $2.50
WESTPORT AND GREENWICH, CONN.

TANGLEWOOD
BERKSHIRE MUSIC CENTER
Charles Munch, Director — Aaron Copland, Asst. Director
10th Session—June 30 to August 10
A school maintained by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in connection with the
BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL
Tanglewood Study Group, a special course for general music students, teachers & amateurs. Enrollments of 2, 4 or 6 weeks. S. R. Bossler, Registrar
Symphony Hall, Boston 15, Mass.

AUTHORS' OPPORTUNITY
You CAN have your book published. Our editorial, advertising and distribution facilities are at your service through our subsidy publishing plan. Send us your manuscript for review, or write for our free Authors' Manual.
COMET PRESS BOOKS—Dept. S. J
11 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOURS FREE

"...the Miracle of America."

Saturday Review's

PORTFOLIO OF OUTSTANDING INSTITUTIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS

In the March 8th issue of SATURDAY REVIEW there appeared a 20 page portfolio entitled "THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA"—a collection of distinguished examples of institutional or public service advertisements.

Immediately after publication of this portfolio we received a flood of enthusiastic comment from the press, business executives, government officials, educators, and civic leaders in all parts of the country. Because of this response and because we believe this portfolio contributes to a greater public understanding of our way of life, we are making copies of "THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA" available without charge as a service to our readers.

Schools, colleges, libraries, business houses, advertising and economics classes, clubs, forums and other organizations which can use this portfolio as source material may secure as many copies as they wish—ABSOLUTELY FREE—simply by writing to:

The Saturday Review Dept. P
25 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.
Please specify the quantity desired

"Henry IV." "Falstaff is not a stupid old oaf, but a brilliant man much like Shaw," he argues. "Why that speech about 'Honor' could have come right out of 'Don Juan'."

He is also very much interested in a new play by Norman Collins, who wrote "Dulcimer Street." "I would be playing a retired general again, but this time still alive," Sir Cedric reveals. "It takes place after the Franco-Prussian war and is anti-militaristic but not pacifistic."

Sir Cedric also discloses that several prominent playwrights have submitted scripts for possible production by the Quartette, but that none had seemed comparable to "Don Juan." "There are very few Shaws, you know," he adds with the casual assurance that the owner of the Hope Diamond might exhibit when browsing at Tiffany's.

—HENRY HEWES.

* * *

NEW YORK'S City Center has won the opening round in its battle to prove that it can revive sure-fire comedy hits successfully. Its production of Elliott Nugent's and James Thurber's "The Male Animal," which emphasizes the *New Yorkerish* satirizing of the childishness of the American adult, is just as funny as flipping through the cartoons of that magazine.

Mr. Nugent, playing the timid English professor, throws away his lines with the same deceptive relaxedness that a farmer uses pitching ringers. Martha Scott as his wife has some difficulty playing against such a style, and instead of being alternately nagging and sweet, she elects the safe course of being not very much one or the other. Halliwell Hobbs and Ruth McDevitt provide a deliciously grotesque counterpoint as the dean and his wife who have grown past the age of caring about the pretenses of grown-up behavior; and Matt Briggs and Robert Preston make the meeting of the boisterous old grads not only hilarious, but also nostalgically warm for those who remember the original production.

The element strangely softened in the current presentation is the stirring defense of a teacher's right to present any and all ideas to his students. A recent report by Norman Cousins would seem to indicate that this right is even more imperiled today than it was when "The Male Animal" was written. Perhaps the very volatility of the issue has dictated its restraint, for once let loose it might well have consumed the delightful comic essence of Mr. Thurber's play.

Two other revivals have not fared so well. One, Olivia deHavilland's "Candida," encumbered Shavian wit with sticky sentimentality and Herman Shumlin's psychological probings, which wrinkled the author's comic fabric. The other, the Claire Luce-Antony Eustrel "Much Ado About Nothing," succeeded only on those rare occasions where it abandoned the realistic approach to one of Shakespeare's most ridiculous plots. Since John Gielgud and Diana Wynyard are scheduled to bring their version of "Much Ado" here next season, the cast of this production can at least be thanked for furnishing theatre-goers with a basis for a "Before and After" comparison.

—H. H.

Drama Notes

THE SHRIKE. By Joseph Kramm. Random House. $2.50. To Joseph Kramm, who has sat by and seen his play bypassed by the Drama Critics Circle, attacked by psychiatrists, and praised by many critics only as a melodramatic expose of mental wards and wife-hate, the winning of the Pulitzer Prize for drama must have seemed triply sweet.

There is no question but that the play in performance [*SR* Feb. 9, 1952] is infinitely better than the text, but Mr. Kramm maintains [*SR* Feb. 16, 1952] that a play should only be the skeleton on which the director and actor build.

To give Mr. Kramm his due, Carlisle's speech on Page 124 is a beautiful example of telling a whole story in just six lines of dialogue, and Ankoritis's curtain speech at the end of the first scene of the second act is a telling summation of the irony of the protagonist's situation.

> "You see, Mr. Downs, we are all *here*, but the question is, are we all *there?*"

The awarding of the Pulitzer Prize to Mr. Kramm for his first produced play may be disputed by those who expect more literary quality in a prize-winner, but "The Shrike," which in its finest moments is a stripping bare of our society's norms, certainly fits the current phrasing of the Pulitzer requirement, "an original American play which shall represent the educational value and power of the stage, preferably dealing with American life."

GIGI. By Anita Loos. Based on the novel by Colette. Random House $2.50. The text of the successful comedy about a wouldn't-be French cocotte. The play, now in its sixth month on Broadway, is slightly more conventional than the original, but all changes were approved by Colette, as was ex-ballet dancer Audrey Hepburn in the title role.

—H. H.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV and Radio

UNADAPTED THEATRE

MARC Connelly's play "Green Pastures," so the story goes, went the Broadway rounds begging a producer for five years. Theatre legend has it that this is not uncommon: other stage hits have mouldered in faithful agents' files before they saw the light struck by $4.80 seats. In spite of the fact that managers read manuscripts avidly, who would confidently deny that rave notices would not be the morning-after destiny of many a Pulitzer Prize candidate heaped ignominiously now in type-blurred copies on playreaders' desks?

For the presentation brochures of some try-anything television program packager, here is an idea: a show which would present choice selections from the peddlars' packs of play agents. It could not be argued that such are untried properties and would therefore have doubtful audience appeal. If we accurately gauge the success of WOR-TV's "Broadway TV Theatre," which presents full-length, former hit plays in their "unadapted" versions, the qualities to be derived merely from characters and situations free to flow in an hour and a half of air time are refreshing and satisfactory enough to win sustained approval.

WOR-TV is the New York station of the as-yet-hypothetical Mutual television network. At this writing, it has presented three former Broadway hits substantially in their entirety, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," by Bayard Veiller, "Three Men on a Horse," by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott, and "The Jazz Singer," by Samson Raphaelson. It has presented them between 7:30 and 9:00 P.M., five nights a week, Mondays through Fridays.

"Broadway TV Theatre" has two sponsors, General Tire and Rubber Company and Cavalier Cigarettes. The commercials come at the end of the acts and they do no violence to the moods of the plays precisely because the theatre intermissions are technically and psychologically normal. The WOR-TV innovation, produced by Walter Wade, hoped originally to run for at least twenty-six weeks. No doubt it will run longer: it has struck gushers of critical applause plus ordinary ratings multiplied by five. Which arithmetic, at the repeat division of costs, adds up to a very good dollar-per-thousand buy.

The idea, of course, is daring, and could probably only appear on a local station with no seller's market problem of satisfying a small host of time-hungry, big-spending advertisers. How can you reserve seven-and-a-half hours across the board for only two sponsors and keep all your customers happy? Nevertheless, WOR-TV is to be congratulated, coincidentally, for defying, in one bold scoop, a whole bundle of trade shibboleths.

The conventional contortions of TV-wrights, directors, and set designers to achieve "motion" were thrown into agonizing relief by the literal stage reporting of the cameras in all three plays. In the Veiller piece they were pinned to the witness chair for the full playing time; in "Three Men on a Horse" and "The Jazz Singer" there were modest changes of interior, but again the business was of the proscenium and completely satisfying. Only in the last moments of "The Jazz Singer" did the producers introduce an unoriented television shot and it was an error.

The chief excitement of "Broadway TV Theatre" is the play. A courtroom melodrama, a high farce suffering from a poor cast and lack of indigenous audience laughter, and a dated overdrawn excursion in sentimentality were attention-compelling because they were all good yarns ably told. They had not been thrown together in a hectic hurry and their authors had been privileged to re-examine their work. Moreover characterizations could be made in some depth, situations could be slowly pointed to climaxes. In "The Trial of Mary Dugan," a gifted actress, Ann Dvorak, had a role susceptible of some real insights and true tension.

Time, valuable time in which to create drama, to develop a character, time and time alone can do these things—and time in its contracted rather than its extended form is present master of TV. This is why the plays on "Broadway TV Theatre" are relatively so satisfying. They achieve their effect by sheer contrast with the pressurized product.

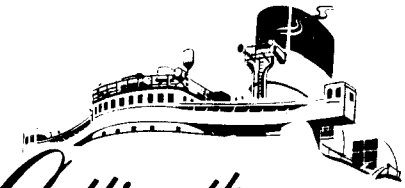
IT IS no use weeping over television's economics which rules that these things shall be. Conversely, for the TV practitioners the bread and the butter lie in the quick turnover: the business is, after all, a living; and there are many making it who would welcome the opportunity of thought. The drama-disposed audience can only be grateful for a "Broadway TV Theatre" and hope it runs forever and that it is widely imitated.

And, eventually, when Samuel French's weighty catalogue of plays is exhausted in TV's insatiable material maw, there will remain those yet untried plays that pass from authors' agents' desks to producers and back again. Most of them may be unworthy of Broadway's highly selective screen of hits—but, at least, they are an hour and a half long, their characters can play a scene for more than a side without moving, and the acrobatic camera "reporting" them, would be forced to give way to the considered line. Even television can never consume the annual output of hopeful hits.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

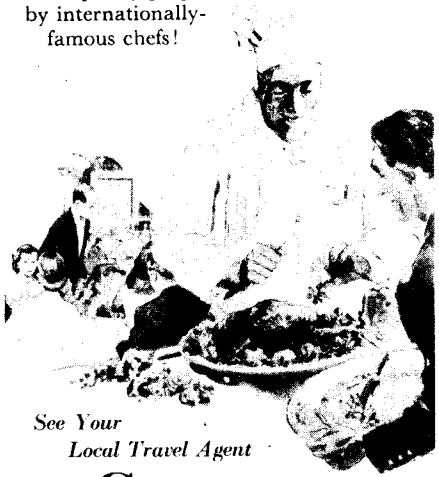
"The Trial of Mary Dugan" on TV—"gushers of critical applause."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Getting there **is half the** *fun!*

Sparkling with gaiety, a Cunard crossing to Europe or a Cunard cruise to fascinating climes is also a gourmet's delight. Your cuisine —the world's finest foods superbly prepared by internationally-famous chefs!



See Your Local Travel Agent

CUNARD

NEW "Guest Ticket"

9 DAYS OF **UNLIMITED** RAIL TRAVEL

FOR ONLY **$30.00** THIRD CLASS

$45.00 FIRST CLASS

A ticket you use like a *pass* — good on all trains (except "continental" boat trains), everywhere in Britain, for 9 days. YOUR TRAVEL AGENT will supply your ticket as well as train, channel steamer and hotel reservations.

IMPORTANT: This ticket must be secured *here—NOT obtainable in Britain.*

For literature and information, write Dept. 32 at any British Railways Office.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. Sixth St.
TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street

BOOKED for TRAVEL

ENGLAND IN THE SUN

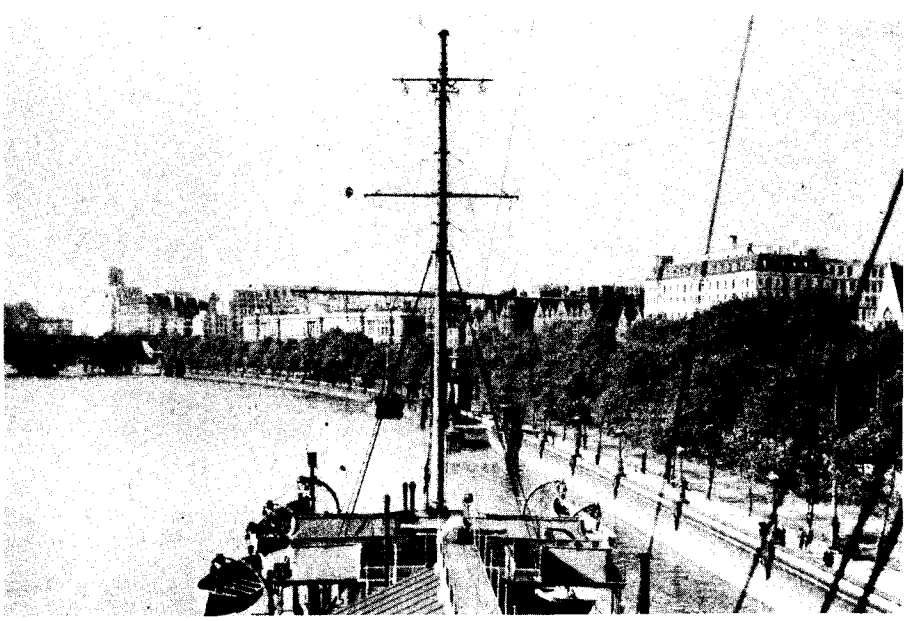
LONDON [BY CABLE].

A WARM Spring sun was shining brightly over England as the first plane of the new transatlantic tourist-class service rolled into London Airport out of New York. The big plane, a Super 6 of Pan American Airways Rainbow service, was the forerunner of a low-cost airlift bringing an additional 55,000 Americans to Britain this year aside from the army of tourists coming by ship and regular first-class air transportation.

The new plane, which I had ridden a few weeks ago on a short flight to Bermuda, proved equally comfortable on the longer span to Europe. In place of the rich, lavish meals served on first-class airliners, we ate sensibly and well of pre-cooked meals of Irish stew or chicken-and-rice-with-peas, served with cake and coffee. Travelers pay $1.75 each for a complete meal, and I, for one, felt more comfortable in flight without the trappings of a seven-course dinner.

Flight time aboard Pan American's 82-passenger clipper is twelve hours to Ireland, thirteen and a half to Paris or London. Virtually all planes will stop at Shannon—the plane for refueling, the passengers for a spot of Irish coffee "with a wisp of mountain dew," meaning a shot of Irish whisky in the bottom and a blob of Irish whipped cream atop. Since Shannon is a port with special privileges, a liquor store dispenses a fifth of Old Grand Dad for $3.50, Scotch for $3, Irish whisky for $1.50, and fifty-year cognac for $6.50. While local spirits constitute a bargain to be leaped at, one should exert some restraint in buying American cigarettes at the Shannon price of $1.25 a carton. They are apparently old stock, for Lucky Strikes are still packed in the green package which was supposed to have gone to war in the early Forties.

Those who come to England this time of the year will find the countryside bursting with flowers and good cheer, in rather vivid contrast to the gray impression of the land one gets 3,000 miles removed. The highway from the airport to town is blooming with TV aerials and brilliant purple cherry trees. The May trees are blooming, too, and Englishmen are recalling the proverb "Cast not a clout till May is out." People are back arguing whether the ancient epigram-coiner meant May the month, or May the tree. A clout, everyone agrees, is an old English way of saying clothing. Tulips dab London with color at every turn—in the quiet church garden behind St. Paul's, in the rubble of blitzed buildings, on the sills of newspaper offices on Fleet Street. Lazy deck chairs are scattered over the greensward of Hyde Park, beckoning seductively to the tired New Yorker less than a day from his hectic city.



—*Keystone View Co.*

The Thames Embankment—"an unhindered view of the maritime scene."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Despite these bright signs of fair weather, one sees at every turn in London the commercial gentleman in bowler, gloves, and tightly rolled umbrella (looking rather like the prissy black taxis which scurry over London streets). But the umbrella, other Englishmen will tell you, is a badge of station and not a protector for blokes who hardly ever unroll the things even in a rainstorm.

It is a pleasant and costless endeavor these fine days to stroll along the Thames Embankment under leafy plane trees, watching double-decker trolley cars rumbling noisily along the edge of the sidewalk on one side and scows pushing silently against the current on the other. For a man in need of rest the Thames Embankment provides benches facing the river on thoughtfully elevated pedestals, so that one has an unhindered view of the maritime scene. Or while walking one can indulge in sign-watching, an entertaining sport particularly for Americans in England.

For lunch, if one seeks to escape the tourists' informality and wants to find the people, there are pubs like the Bunch of Grapes on Jermyn Street, where a glass of ale and an egg sandwich costs 24¢. A bus ride, say, from St. Paul's to the Savoy Hotel, costs 3¢, for which the conductor says thanks and reminds one when to descend. For two shillings, or 28¢, a man can have a haircut at the best gentleman's hairdresser.

BUT Britain is at bargain best out in the country. One travels handily and rapidly aboard the British railways. For those who want to find their own route, Daimler Hire Limited will rent a seven-passenger limousine only slightly shorter than a hearse for $38 a day, including driver's keep. Or four people can hire a Hillman Minx or Austin Somerset, spend two weeks touring England and Scotland, cover 1,400 miles at a cost of $50 each. Buzzing ninety miles to Stratford, one can stay at the Shakespeare Inn on a bed-and-breakfast basis for nineteen shillings, or $2.71, daily.

A ten-mile drive takes you to the charming Cotswold Village of Broadway, hardly more than a single street of quaint English buildings, all Cotswold stone. There are six inns in Broadway. Lygonarms, which was built in 1530 and is a study in pewter, copper, rich paneled rooms, and leaded glass windows, charges forty-five shillings for room, bath, and board, less than $6.50 per day. The other night the menu featured grapefruit, roast goose, apple sauce, stuffing, roast potatoes, two vegetables, vanilla ice

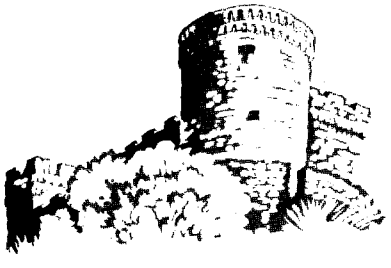
the picture is bright for your vacation

in sunny **Spain**

Wherever you go, whatever you do, the picture is bright and the mood is gay in the laughter-loving land of fiesta.

Travel in streamlined comfort and ease through countryside of heart-lifting beauty . . . to time-hallowed scenes unique in romantic, old-world interest. Stop at unsurpassed luxury hotels or charming, modernized country inns.

Highly favorable dollar exchange helps make costs unbelievably low. And it's all only *hours* away when you fly, direct to gay Madrid, by luxurious, world-proved TWA Constellation. Fast, frequent Skyliner schedules, many low-cost tours are available.

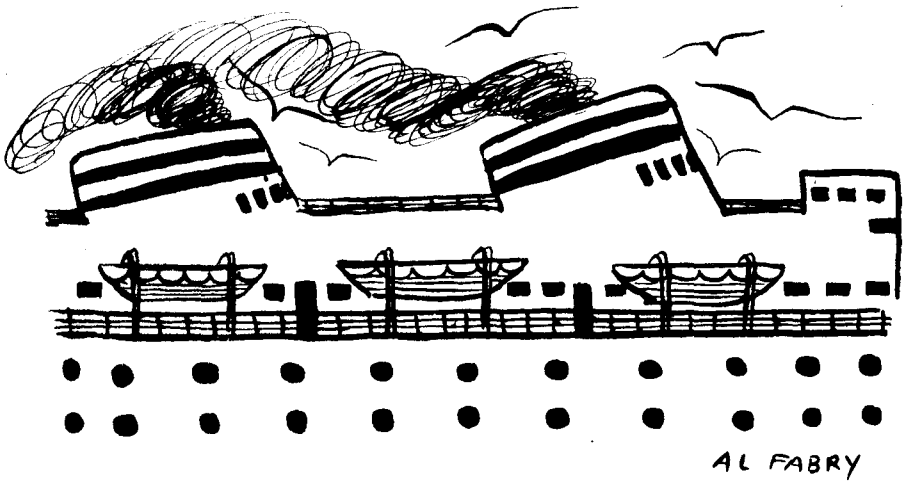


See your Travel Agent, TWA or

SPANISH TOURIST OFFICE

New York: 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22
Chicago: 39 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3
San Francisco: 68 Post Street, San Francisco 4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



cream with caramel sauce, and coffee. Price for transient dinner: $1.20 complete. All of which leads me to a two-pronged declamation: (1) Who said you can't eat in Britain?, and (2) Broadway, U.S.A., was never like this.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Ryndam Reunion

NEW YORK.

THERE never was a cruise like the "floating university" which took 527 students around the world on the old S. S. *Ryndam* for the 1926-27 school term, and on April 30 at least a fifth of them gathered aboard the new S. S. *Ryndam* as guests of the Holland-American Line to lift some sentimental cups to the good old days of Flaming Youth. "The thing that astonishes me," confided Goodwin Stoddard, bellwether for the big shebang, "is the courage of the survivors of the *Ryndam* to face a thing like this! I think the cruise must have done something for the people to make them go through the embarrassment of seeing people after twenty-five years." By that time two shy businessmen, whom we'd overheard remark outside the cocktail lounge, "Well, I guess we may as well just go in and break the ice," had.

"Goodie" Stoddard, who is a compact, peppy man with a gray crew cut, reminisced. "The cruise was an attempt to give a full year of education to American students that would be accredited by colleges here. It left in September and came back in May. The idea was that you would get a better education. There were various similar trips—through the Dollar Line and so on—though this was the only one that ever occurred in which students had their own boat all the way. But it was a financial failure.

"The average age was twenty-four or twenty-five, although I was one of the younger ones—nineteen. We got into a little trouble in Japan. A bunch of the boys got exhilarated and did some things that offended the Japanese, and the State Department sent a cable saying if you don't behave yourselves you will have to come back to New York. Some of us did a certain amount of thinking over whether it was entirely fair to be expelled and went to the captain. He said, 'You are paying guests on this boat. I am the captain of it and the only guy who can throw you off.' Nothing serious happened after that. No illness, no plagues, no deaths."

A man with a son in Harvard and a daughter about to enter Sweet Briar remarked of the former, "He'll never go on a cruise like that was! We were the first white people who ever went to Siam as a group. The first to witness as guests of the King the royal dancers at the Bangkok Theatre. 'The King and I' was like seeing something that happened twenty years ago."

"By the time we got to Malta," continued Mr. Stoddard, "we were the guests of the British Government. We were there two days, and everybody walked back to the boat, and there wasn't a basket case among us. The American Ambassador gave us a special reception in Rome on Washington's Birthday, and after that Premier Mussolini gave a reception for us. They thought a lot of important future citizens were in our group."

"It was just like any other school," offered Professor J. Harold Tarbell, who was on the cruise faculty and is now director of Overseas Study Tours at Lafayette College in Easton, Pa. "But we really made them study. They couldn't help but learn. They were interested, and they were on the spot, and if they saw something, why, of course, they remembered it. Some of the graduates said it was worth four years of college. We had a very good faculty, largely from New York University. Everybody was in 'Who's Who' except me. I was a youngster. They had over 7,000 applicants who fought for forty-two faculty jobs, and it was sheer luck that I got one.

"We had more men students than women. It was going to be strictly men, and then they couldn't get enough bookings, so they decided to take coeds and didn't get enough of them, so they decided to admit older people with educational inclinations who had $2,500. We had the son of the secretary of U.S. Steel, the son of an official of Standard Oil, the son of a U.S. Senator, the son of the Secretary of Agriculture, the son of the personal secretary of President Coolidge, two or three sisters of Dwight Morrow, the sons of some big movie men, and some people who spent their life's savings more or less. Naturally, there were cliques, but I didn't see any evidence of snobbishness." (Two young students, we were later advised, had indeed earned their own passage.)

ABOUT 8:00 P.M. a big Holland-American spread was served in the ship's dining room, where the orchestra was playing "Bye, Bye, Blackbird." "The fellow I'm trying to find," remarked one of the guests, "is the guy who bought a slide trombone in Turkey." "Say, remember the couple who danced the Charleston for the King of Siam?" asked another. "He gave the girl a diamond bracelet and the boy a watch."

They sat down to Selected French Hors d'Oeuvres and Consommé Henry IV, Tournedos Marchand de Vin and Baked Alaska with Arnhem Girls (a fluffy sugar cooky dear to the erstwhile *Ryndam* students), moistened respectively, by a fruity Gewürztraminer 1948, Château Cantenac Brown 1937, and Champagne Reyers Brut 1945. With coffee there was a choice of Rémy Martin V.S.O.P., Bénédictine D.O.M., Crème de Menthe, or Grand Mariner, Cordon Rouge. A solemn toast was proposed to Queen Juliana, with whose birthday the fete coincided, followed by a big, economy-sized tribute to a whole lot of people. One man made a speech about how wonderful the cruise was. There were cries of "Hear, hear!," and a feminine voice shrilled, "Speech! Speech!"

At 10:30 the party filed back into the lounge to look at old snapshots projected on a large screen. Noting with satisfaction the number of handsome men with thick, silvery hair present, we inquired of a gentle-looking lady from Kansas how it felt to come to such a reunion. "How old are you?" she asked, giving us a sharp look. . . . "Well—you really have to be as old as we are to know how it feels. Damned jittery!"

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

ADLER VS. THE HARMONICA IN TOWN HALL — BIZET'S "PEARL FISHERS"

ONE of the more durable musical witticisms is the description of the Brahms Concerto as a work not "for the violin, but against it." In this sense one may say that the harmonica is an instrument against all music, as it is understood in any manifestations connected with the names of Bach, Vaughan-Williams, etc. That Larry Adler, at his recent appearance in Town Hall, managed to fascinate the attention and sometimes please the ear is the musical happening of the winter most soundly entitled to the term "phenomenal."

There were moments, indeed, during Adler's muscular contortions to make the device in his hand yield the patterns of a Bach gavotte or the Prelude to the E major Violin Partita, when one felt he would be better off to put it in his pocket and produce the sounds by some kind of ventriloquism, it seemed that much of an obstacle. But, as parents sometime love most greatly the least gifted of their children, so Adler is obviously enamoured of his confining little toy—and it is clearly too late for him to start over and apply his musical instinct, imagination, and rather fantastically adroit breath control to something scientifically sound, like the ocarina or the *corno di caccia*.

All this is said, I hasten to add, in admiration, not disdain; for Adler, with all the determination of a man bent on fashioning an "Ile de France" out of matchsticks, succeeds in conveying an unbelievable amount of musical meaning with enough inhalations and exhalations of air to blow up a good-sized auto tire. One found oneself listening to his unaccompanied Bach with the concentration on the slightest of sounds usually reserved for a Segovia or Landowska, and resenting the program cracklings of the young fry like uncontrolled yawns in the ninth inning of a no-hit ball game.

The best way to listen to the harmonica, I soon discovered, is to close the eyes and disassociate the sight from the sound. In the round, with Adler teetering on tiptoes to reach a reluctant reed, opening and closing his cupped hands to approximate the swell-box of the organ, throwing in body English where all other resources failed, it seemed too much a losing battle for reasonable enjoyment. Concentrating on the tiny piping sound alone, it came out in even, minute pulsations like a miniature calliope.

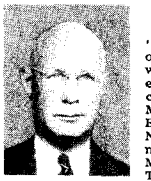
Like any fanatic Adler is so attached to his perpetual headache that he has invited some of the best contemporary minds to devise ways of writing even more difficult music for it, and thus defying generations yet unborn to match his attainment of the unattainable. On this occasion he brought forth a very likable suite by the Israeli composer Marc Lavry, whose materials are all attractive, especially a "Pastorale," which Adler phrased with melodic fervor and uncommon feeling. The concluding "Hora," though less original, made a rather striking impression thanks to the player's rhythmic impulse. Later on he introduced a recent "Romance" by Vaughan-Williams, in which the eighty-year-old dean of British composers managed to write a piece of recognizable character and profile for the harmonica, with chamber orchestra background. On the whole, the limited power of the harmonica made a better aural impression against the ensemble conducted by Daniel Saidenberg than it did against the piano as played by Lee Dell'anno. A real match of timbre would combine the harmonica with the harpsichord—and we may yet live to see an Adler-Landowska recital. If Andrés Segovia and William Primrose would join in, it would be well worth the price of "The King and I."

* * *

THOMAS K. SCHERMAN'S final service to New York music lovers for the season was a concert performance of Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles," which afforded a thoroughly pleasant evening without providing convincing reasons for urging its restoration at the Metropolitan. On the whole, this is better music than "Lakmé," which it anticipates in some details of Indian color; but it lacks such a star part as Lakmé, and provides no equivalent opportunity for spectacle.

Opportunities for learning how to sing French opera are not what they might be these days, which is to be taken into account in appraising the rather strenuous attack David Poleri made on his role. Singher, in the music of Zurga, showed how word and tone could be blended with maximum interest. Jean Bartl showed a pretty voice insufficiently schooled, as Leila, and Kenneth Smith had little contact with the requirements of Nourabad.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



Sells First Story at 60

"Since I am crowding threescore, my objective in taking the N.I.A. course was not to become a professional writer. However, while still taking the course, I sent an article to St. Joseph Magazine. It was immediately accepted. Encouraged, I wrote others. "Our Navy" accepted them and asked for more. All thanks to N.I.A."—Albert M. Hinman, 1937 East Silver Street, Tucson, Arizona.

How Do You Know You *Can't* Write?

HAVE you ever tried?
Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back waiting for the day to come when you will awaken all of a sudden to the discovery, "I am a writer?"

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen.

That is why the Newspaper Insitute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

Newspaper Institute's New York Copy Desk Method starts and keeps you writing in your own home. You receive actual assignments, just as if you were at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is individually corrected and constructively criticized. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly creating your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that develops your talent, insights, background and confidence as nothing else could.

Many potential writers become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, books, music, homemaking, local, club and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure moments.

A Chance to Test Yourself—FREE!

Our unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it free, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925).

FREE NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

☐ Send me, without cost or obligation, your Free Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Saturday Review of Literature.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you. 61-E-802

Copyright 1951 Newspaper Institute of America

Wyndham Lewis
is at his wittiest
and most devastating in . . .
ROTTING HILL

"Wyndham Lewis is a good grouser. At his best he is one of the most vital English prose writers of the first half of the twentieth century. And he is at his best at what he most thoroughly dislikes. . . . ROTTING HILL, in sum, is Wyndham Lewis' judgment on post-war Britain." — *New York Times*

$3 at all Bookstores
HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
Chicago 4, Illinois

BUY U.S.
DEFENSE BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"DO not in this house mock
Each makeshift compromise;
Think what may provoke
The need to improvise."

SAMUEL YELLEN

the sensitive craftsman, whose work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and other publications.

IN THE HOUSE AND OUT

is the first published collection of his poetry.

$2.75 at all bookstores, or
INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Bloomington, Indiana

NEW FORCES . . .
POLITICAL
CULTURAL
ECONOMIC
SOCIAL

ARE ON THE MOVE
in CANADA
that deeply concern
the UNITED STATES

The June 7th issue of *The Saturday Review* will carry a full, fresh, authoritative REPORT FROM CANADA on the personalities, developments and trends that are shaping the course of Canada, its attitude toward the United States and American life in general, and Canada's role as a great new power in the free world.

This interpretative report on our northern neighbor who looks with the critical frankness of a good friend at events south of the world's longest undefended border will be yours if you

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 12*)

West Germany will not actually strengthen the defense of Western Europe and is, on the contrary, much more likely to weaken it." Under the circumstances, he argues, the United States would do well to give up plans for German rearmament and to urge unification and free election of an All-German government, as well as the adoption of a constitution guaranteeing freedoms and individual rights. We should "not be afraid to take a chance on democracy versus Communism in a free and united Germany."

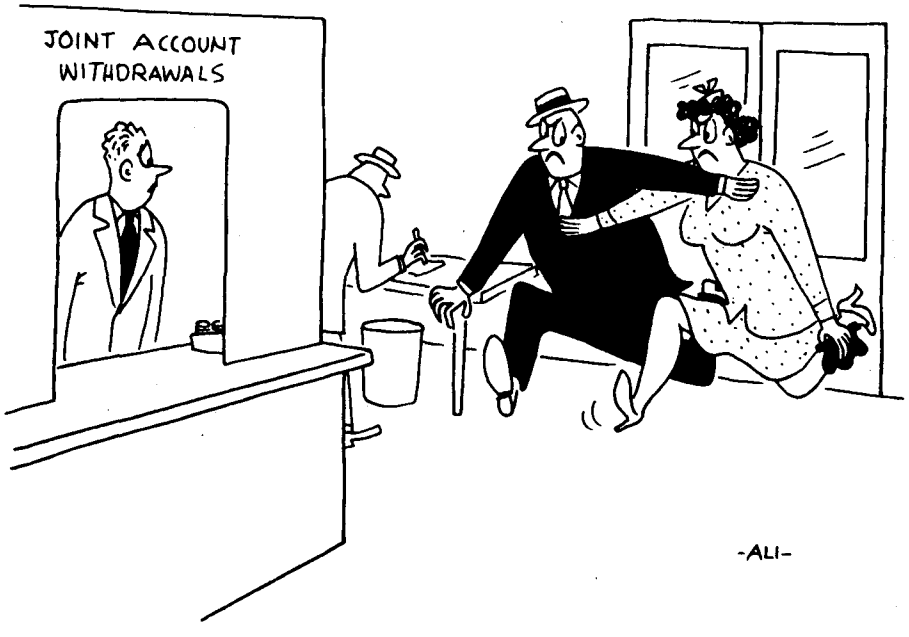
A German settlement, he believes, would facilitate the conclusion of an Austrian treaty and this, in turn, would bring about the withdrawal of Russian troops from Hungary and Rumania—a withdrawal which would "at once relax the pressure upon Yugoslavia," thereby easing Europe's principal present-day problems.

As for Asia, Mr. Warburg does not see how the Korean conflict can be settled without overall consideration of our relations with Communist China, our attitude toward Formosa, and Japan's need for economic relations with the China mainland. In Korea he advocates the free election of an all-Korean government—let the chips fall where they may—even if the outcome does not please Dr. Syngman Rhee. So long as China continues to act as an aggressor in Korea, the United States should continue to oppose the admission of Peiping to the United Nations. Once a peace settlement has been reached, however, Washington should not object to seating the Peiping government merely because it is Communist or Moscow-dominated. "The United Nations is not an anti-Communist club; it is not intended to be a universal organization," and "We have never held that Russia's European satellities were ineligible, much less have we questioned the eligibility of governments which are under some degree of British or American influence."

At the same time, Mr. Warburg takes the view that the seating of the Mao regime in the United Nations as the government of China need not involve the unseating of the Chiang regime as the government of Formosa, so long as the Nationalists retain *de facto* sovereignty over that island. Once a Korean truce has been concluded, however, continued American "neutralization" of Formosa would amount to continued intervention in the internal struggle between Chiang and Mao—and if we persist in meddling in Chinese affairs we can hardly expect Mao not to meddle in the affairs of other nations.

In short, while Mr. Warburg agrees that we must build up the military power of the free world pending the creation of a powerful universal security system, he wants to make sure that cold-war expediency does not cause the United States to betray at home or abroad the "basic principles of that free society we seek to defend and expand," and that "rearmament does not undermine the economic strength and political stability of the nations resisting aggression."

Unless all political portents in this country, as well as Europe and Asia, prove false, there will be a vast amount of reviewing and revising of foreign policy after, and possibly even before, the November elections. To this necessary, if often painful process, Mr. Warburg has contributed much stimulating grist.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rides & Roars

BLOOD, OIL AND SAND. By Ray Brock. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 256 pp. $3.50.

By HAL LEHRMAN

THERE are a few good yarns here, some new, some old, but each of them engaging: about the Afghan Minister on whom an American Ambassador's penny-pinching wife tried to fob off local brandy in Armagnac bottles, and what happened thereafter to the Bokhara rug; about the visiting General who didn't know that a Gurkha must never draw his razor-keen *kukri* without shedding blood; about the radio correspondent in Ankara who scooped the world with nightly reports on a mythical British motorized column—invented by a gay Office attaché—which was racing in slow motion to relieve the garrison in stormy Iraq. These tales told by Ray Brock, late of *The New York Times* and United Press, are wonderful but, alas, his book is not. This reviewer has just spent most of a lurid day blinking through its pages in search of light on the darkening Middle East. I am compelled to say that the only thing memorable in this heady volume is its confusion, spiced with monumental misinformation.

About Greece, for instance, one learns that "Athens streets swarm with teen-aged pimps eagers to sell their teen-age sisters for a handful of drachmae." He makes it sound so interesting I almost regret having missed such encounters—but Brock's enterprising merchants were invisible even in 1945, when the Greek capital was reeling out of civil war, to say nothing of 1949 or a couple of months ago, the last time I saw Athens. In a thunderous passage on Israel, Brock announces that every foreign journalist is shadowed night and day, that he is screened with a rigor reminiscent of Nazi Germany, that the country is a beehive of infiltrating Communists, and that "young Jewish buckos" prowl all over looking for alien heads to break. One is at a dead loss for comment on these marvelous disclosures. It is like being asked to evaluate a report that Bob Taft sports a black beard, is three feet high, and keeps a dozen Ohio Republicans chained in a cellar of his ancestral home as hostages for his nomination. Not that

Ray Brock—"robust nouns."

Brock is maliciously libelous of the Israelis. In fact, he admires them. He simply is bowled over by the roar of his own typewriter. As for Yugoslavia, it appears that "Tito's Press and Propaganda Ministry will go to any length to keep the visiting firemen happy." Again I feel left out of things, having been such a "fireman" in 1946 and 1951—and so, for that matter, will every other reporter who knows the moist palm and glassy eye of Pero Trutin, which is not a laxative but the name of Tito's current press chief.

Oddities like these could be overlooked if the author provided enough solid stuff elsewhere on his subject, a solemn and important one. Instead, we are treated to twenty-five bombastic chapters cluttered with adjectives and most magnificently scrambled. Brock keeps assuring the reader that the last previous chapter was basic and that the next one coming up will be fundamental. He is so impressed with his own book that he refers to its title frequently in accents of awe; the individual words blood, oil, sand also get themselves craftily tied up in a great number of far-flung sentences (*e.g.*, "Blood is as cheap as oil is plentiful; and murderous intrigue is rife in the sand-strewn Middle East."). Although occasionally a line seems lost, and once a whole page of type, we can't be quite sure it is a proofreading error, because the rest is so non-consecutive too.

The book leaps all over the map, from Pakistan to Morocco, but apart from anecdotal asides there is little which is not available in any encyclopedia, standard history, and newspaper-clipping file. To get in a plug for the Serbs, whose flag Brock has long been waving, he hauls the entire Balkans into the Middle East; then he dismisses Hungary, Bulgaria, etc., with a few breezy notes, explaining that wider coverage is impossible "for one reason or another, mostly classified"—whatever that means. He has a passion for robust nouns like muck, filth, and slime, and an incessant curiosity about the sale or rental of

Hal Lehrman, foreign correspondent, lecturer, and author, specializes in the Balkan countries and the Middle East.

"If you are weary at the moment with the wretched fumbling and blindness of homo sapiens, *here is a book that may lift your heart."**

Gabriel
AND THE
Creatures

By GERALD HEARD

Illustrated by SUSANNE SUBA

"In this engrossing book the author brings into view the whole marvelous and incredible past, or huge areas anyway, and reveals why one species after another specialized its way into oblivion by taking the way of 'social security'."

—*VARDIS FISHER, *N. Y. Times Book Review.*

A delightful book, at once entertaining and deeply meaningful.

HARPER & BROTHERS • $3.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women. A characteristic interpolation: "Rumania . . . is in her perennial prone position . . . a Latinized neo-Balkan whore who is desperately weary of the rough male kiss of Soviet Communism and wants *out!*—to found a new *mésalliance.*"

When Brock excoriates the high-turreted General Lee tank in the Western Desert, the "well-pressed and manicured young officers" in wartime Cairo, or the malevolent Grand Mufti, it is possible to understand him. When he hails the Serbs for their courage, or nominates Turkey's adroit chief UN delegate, Selim Sarper, as that country's future prime minister and president, one can concur heartily. But such rare interludes are almost blacked out. The gist of Brock's report, if any, is that the Middle East is in a frightful mess—hardly news. He blames everybody: the corrupt *effendi*, the arrogant British, the profligate French, the ambitious Israelis, our "inept, inane" diplomatic corps (crammed with "dead wood . . . hacks . . . and left-wing sympathizers"), our reporters in a hurry, our "frustrated" editors, our colonies of oil engineers, riggers, and drillers—who seem to have alarming numbers of "alcoholics, hypochondriacs, nymphomaniacs, and other sex athletes." He warns in one final burst that unless we get hep—by a purge of the Foreign Service, implementation of Point Four and Mutual Security aid, and urgent Congressional review of our "mishandled" policy, particularly on Yugoslavia, Iran, Palestine, and "incompetent" American propaganda overseas— the Communists are going to take over. Part or all of this may be true. But Mr. Brock only says it is. He doesn't prove it.

World Book Note

THE KATYN WOOD MURDERS. By Joseph Mackiewicz. British Book Centre. $3. Among the crimes of history the massacre of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest not far from Smolensk is without parallel. After many years some doubt still remains as to who committed the mass murder.

The mystery started in April 1943 when the Berlin radio announced the discovery of thousands of bodies of Polish officers in mass graves in the Katyn Forest. The Germans claimed these men had been executed by the Bolsheviks. The democratic world refused to believe this horror story. At that time the case of some 15,000 missing Polish generals, colonels, and other officers who had been in Russian prison camps since 1939, was hardly known. Besides, Soviet Russia was the ally and Hitler's Germany was the enemy. A few days after the Berlin announcement, the Soviets categorically denied the allegation. They cried "propaganda" and accused the Nazis of having murdered and buried the Poles themselves, in September 1941, after they invaded Russia.

Since that time the German government, the Kremlin, but especially the Polish government-in-exile have made their own investigations, and have produced witnesses to support their various charges. It is known that the Soviet refused to let the International Red Cross investigate the mystery.

In recent months three new books have attempted to prove that the Polish officers were killed on Stalin's orders. All three agree that in the spring of 1940 about 4,500 Polish officers were brought from a prison camp in Kozielsk to Smolensk and then shot and buried at nearby Katyn. (Ten thousand officers remain unaccounted for.)

"The Katyn Wood Murders," by Joseph Mackiewicz, a journalist and fighter in the Polish underground, the only book on the subject yet published in this country, is by far the most detailed and searching account of this grim story. All the evidence is examined and weighed. Mackiewicz presents several startling discoveries he made during his inspection of the graves. He picked up various pieces of newspaper carrying a date either of March or April 1940, a long time before the Germans came to Smolensk. These newspapers could not possibly have remained in the pockets of the murdered men for a year and a half, if—according to the Soviet version—they were still alive in August 1941. The date on these papers, Mackiewicz declares, "reveals the date of the crime in Spring 1940, unless before the bodies were publicly shown, their pockets were secretly examined and all later issues of newspaper removed." Mackiewicz goes on to say: "But no human technique would enable a search to be made through the pockets of the dead men and then bury them again, dig them up after a month, and call in experts to investigate their deaths, to invite and even strive for a delegation of the International Red Cross to take part in the inquest."

Mackiewicz made a second important discovery. He tried to find out what type of ammunition had been used. To his great surprise he heard that the bullets which killed the Polish prisoners were of German manufacture. They had been made by a factory near Karlsruhe which after the treaty of Rapallo supplied large amounts of ammunition to Poland and Soviet Russia. If the Germans had committed the crime, Mackiewicz believes they would have used Russian ammunition. The Polish journalist, who also interviewed many Russian and Polish peasants living around Katyn, finally comes to the conclusion that the mystery of Katyn has been solved. It is now known, he writes, *who* had been murdered, *how many* had been murdered and, above all, *who* had murdered them: the Russians. His proof seems to be overwhelming.

At this moment a United States Congressional committee is conducting an investigation of the Katyn Forest massacre in this country, in Great Britain, and in Germany. Joseph Mackiewicz's book, written in a lucid, vivid style, without emotional overtones, sometimes as dramatic as a spy story, should be of a great value to the committee and to everybody who believes that so long as the brutal murderers of Katyn remain at large, civilization itself is endangered.

—HENRY B. KRANZ.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE ARM OF MRS. EGAN *William Fryer Harvey* (Dutton: $2.50)	Sixteen brief British tales, twelve told by a nurse, all involving or suggesting murder.	Nice plotting, competent and shrewd handling; unusual economy in narration.	Fine collection
MOUSE IN ETERNITY *Nedra Tyre* (Knopf: $2.50)	Atlanta Social Service Bureau unsettled by murder and suicide; arthritic ancient solves case in bed; cops oddly quiescent.	Atmosphere and tension admirable; ice thin in spots, but handling in general excellent; written in English.	Watch this gal

—SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERASMUS

(Continued from page 24)

ful manufactured articles, the forced acquisition of greater foreign consumers' markets, and an industrial overproduction that sooner or later leads to economic depressions. The devastating folly of our present-day nationalistic dogmas at a time when the practical usefulness of sovereign nations is rapidly disappearing, and when their existence as such is becoming a serious threat to the welfare of mankind. The blinding folly of deliberately turning into an inflexible political dogma Karl Marx's economic interpretation of history, according to which the forms of production employed in a given human community inexorably determine all its other social, political, cultural, and religious activities. The inhuman and erroneous conviction of British colonizers, or of Spanish *racistas*, or of German Nazis that "their race" is superior to all the other races in creativeness, in capacity to progress, in inventiveness, in ability to rule, in social organization and so forth, and is destined, therefore, to reign over the rest.

If these gigantic follies of my day are not enough to bring you down to earth in a hurry, here are a few more samples. The widespread popular belief that a divorce, if it is legally obtained, can actually put an end to what years of intimate living and sharing together have made integral parts of the very lives of the divorcees. Thousands upon thousands of ardent devotees of "the bitch-goddess Success" spiritually and morally crawling on their hands and knees to "rise up" either socially or economically. The adoration of the cannibalistic god Speed to whom we moderns readily and unconcernedly sacrifice many thousands of human victims every year. The ingrained belief that emptiness of soul can satisfactorily be filled with manufactured material commodities, as countless advertisements assure us everywhere. Our mistaking heterogeneous and unrelated data for useful information, mere information for knowledge, and scientific knowledge for wisdom. Our idolatrous worship of applied science which for the ignorant is a sort of modern, wonder-working magic, for the half-educated a very useful source of personal power, and for the wise a mighty problem, inasmuch as it is morally irresponsible, destroying human life wholesale and saving it in retail, and now seriously threatening to blaze most of us into sheer radiation with its atomic and H-bombs.

The Guilt Edged Record

DUTTON'S OWN GUIDE TO DETECTIVE FICTION

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NO HEAD FOR HER PILLOW *Sam S. Taylor* $2.50	Slot-machine racketeers in a California town, an art dealer who deals out murder, and Neal Cotton, private eye.	By the author of *Sleep No More.* Unusual love affair between sleuth and a "king sized dame with a mass of sunset hair."	Superior
STRANGE RETURN *A. B. Cunningham* $2.50	It takes all of the ingenuity of Jess Roden to discover the murderer of a corpse found in a torrential flood.	One of Roden's toughest cases.	Colorful characters, unusual plot
THE ARM OF MRS. EGAN And Other Strange Stories *William Fryer Harvey* $2.50	Sixteen shivery tales of preternatural forces, twisted intelligences, and the subconscious mind.	The best tales by a master of the uncanny—the author of *The Beast With Five Fingers.*	Blood-curdling
DEATH AND LITTLE BROTHER *Clifford Knight* $2.50	Panic at Lake Tahoe when a suspected murderer arrives for a vacation—and sudden death follows soon after.	The best and most original book by the author of *The Dark Road* and *The Yellow Cat.*	Terrific
DON'T CRY FOR ME *William Campbell Gault* $2.50	The fabulous fantastic things that happen when Pete Worden finds a friend murdered in his apartment.	Characters so real and vivid — they might be your neighbors or friends.	Grade-A excitement
WE ALL KILLED GRANDMA *Fredric Brown* $2.50	He couldn't remember his name, or what he was doing in the room — with that old lady lying dead at his feet.	Unique and startling *tour de force* by the popular author of *The Far Cry, Death Has Many Doors.*	WOW!

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC. • 300 FOURTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

Her in-laws whispered, "Suicide"...
Her sister screamed, "MURDER!"...
HEAVY, HEAVY HANGS
By Doris Miles Disney
author of Straw Man • $2.50 everywhere
CRIME CLUB SELECTION

THE NEW MISS SILVER MYSTERY
THE Watersplash
By PATRICIA WENTWORTH
All bookstores • $2.50 LIPPINCOTT

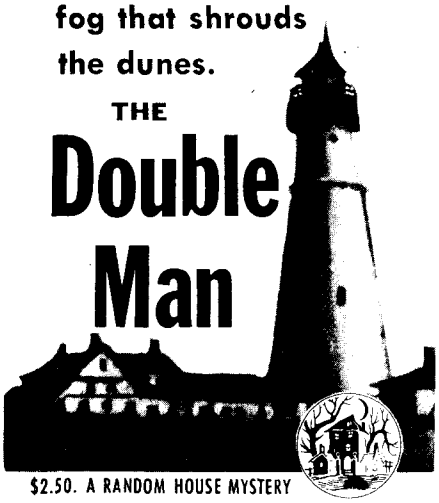
Coming June 14 . . .

The Saturday Review's

TENTH ANNUAL UNIVERSITY PRESS ISSUE

Advertising forms close May 29th

HELEN REILLY
takes Inspector McKee to a Cape Cod village, where the clues to a double murder are as impenetrable as the fog that shrouds the dunes.
THE Double Man



$2.50. A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 19)

ago she was Ileana, Princess of Rumania. She has written a windy memoir about her last years as an active member of the Rumanian royalty, which became powerless in 1948 when the Communists locked the doors of her castle, confiscated her belongings, and sent her with her family into permanent exile. "Memoir" is used loosely, however, for her book is more a purgative sermon, based on the text of her experiences in those final years. It preaches three things with considerable fervor: surviving royalty has left fairyland and is developing, without rancor, a healthy case of housemaid's knee; Rumania is now the lost heart of Europe; and the Communists have gone against God, who will deal with them in His own time. In between bursts, we learn how she went through the war and occupation as a nurse of marvelous courage and as an indefatigable worker for the Red Cross, the Girl Scouts, the YWCA, and every man, woman, child and beast in Rumania who sought her help. I was exhausted at the end of "I Live Again," and a little deafened, but I never nodded.

—W. B.

DAUGHTER OF THE PACIFIC. By Yoto Matsuoka. Harper. $3. Two days after Emperor Hirohito made his epochal broadcast of Japan's surrender, the young author of these memoirs was returning to her Tokyo home from a refuge in the countryside. On the crowded train a Japanese Army captain worked up a rage because, contrary to custom, no one offered him a seat. "Don't be superior," shouted a passenger. "You lost the war, didn't you?" Miss Matsuoka was amazed. "The almighty Japanese Army was being challenged by common ordinary people for the first time in decades."

The spontaneous little revolt against the military was symptomatic of the revolutionary changes that defeat and occupation brought to Japan. We are fortunate in having Miss Matsuoka as interpreter of those changes and of the Japanese view of the Second World War. Daughter of samurai liberals and graduate of an American college, she has shaped her dual loyalty into a frame that uniquely sets off her picture of pre-war and wartime Japan. "Pearl Harbor was just as jolting to the Japanese as it must have been to the Americans." Miss Matsuoka describes the surprise of the Doolittle raid, the growing shortages and the discomforts of daily living, the destruction rained by American bombers, the Emperor's changed status, the military occupation, the trial of the "war criminals."

Whether she is recalling her delightful childhood in Toyko, her school days in Korea and the United States, her travels in Europe and Asia, or her life as a young wife and mother, Miss Matsuoka combines a spiritual approach with the charm of uncynical candor. In "Daughter of the Pacific" this child of the East and foster-child of the West makes a simple, earnest plea for the preservation of human values all over the world.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

PAPA'S DELICATE CONDITION. By Corinne Griffith. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. Childhood reminiscence, like sex, is a sure-fire subject for a book, and the latest to exhume her days as her father's "baby, the apple of his eye, the flower of a noble flock, the perfect blossom," etc., is Corinne Griffith, who, older readers will be reminded by the dust jacket, "established the pattern of the exquisite Hollywood star to whom a whole nation paid the homage elsewhere reserved for peerage." Miss Griffith—a $10,000 a week actress in her day—is still a busy woman but, when not otherwise employed, is a writer. "It's torture," she says, "every line, but how I love it!"

This is Corinne's story of how the world of Waco, Texas, struck her when she was six. It struck her curiously. So far as Corinne was concerned, it had a population of one—her father, full of gusto, of verve, and, occasionally, of a drink referred to as "medicine." To John Lewis Griffith, nothing was insurmountable if it would make his wife, his older daughter, and Corinne happy. Once he bought a dilapidated building, because its color bothered Mrs. G. Another time he bought a complete circus, simply because the apple of his eye wanted a pony. Mr. G. certainly made life interesting. Mrs. G., however, became impatient one day with her husband's "liquid whimsies" and went home to father, the Mayor of Texarkana. Miss Griffith's book is testimony that she had a wonderful childhood; but whether she has recounted it convincingly is another matter. It is, I think, a thin book, with cuteness ("When you consider how young I was when I was born") instead of insight. —Bernard, Kalb.

Fox Fire

By James L. Rosenberg

1.

FIRE ate the fox's flesh
And fused his fur into a puff of ash
And burned the whiteness of his bone to black.

2.

The Wise Ones called him dead, destroyed;
They could not see what soared
To mingle with the purity of air and cloud.

3.

Rain fell and washed the essence of the fox
Down through the trees' green misted tops;
He came transmuted back to earth and rocks.

4.

Where earth is charred and black, the latency of life
Is not dismayed; it thrusts its spears of green delight
Up through the smears of burn and blight.

5.

And green will grow and fox will run
Forever through the courts of sun,
And fire, air, water, earth unite
To bathe fox in a truth of light.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ILLITERATE WRITER

(*Continued from page 9*)

knew a great deal about many things —to the predominant ideas of their time.

Here again, all blame is not to be placed on our young writers. The literary climate is in part created by mature writers, by critics, and by editors. And the literary climate is pervaded by an untutored romanticism. For we still believe, all of us, in the myth of the isolated, provincial genius. We dream of the creative titan who will come to us out of the West, preferably from a wilderness. We romanticize the hinterland, the vast, dreary, parochial wastes of America, largely because we ourselves have a low opinion of our cosmopolitan centers. We do our best to migrate to the suburbs. We assure ourselves that weekend lawn parties, with the children underfoot, are adequate substitutes for the hard friction of one cultivated mind upon another in close urban contact. We no longer regard the city as the citadel of culture; indeed, we despise it. But are our achievements such that we can afford to despise the taverns of Elizabethan London, its coffee-houses of a later day, the salons of royal Paris, the cafes of its republican times, or even, in our own history, the close-knit groups in Boston, in Chicago, and I even dare to add, in Greenwich Village? Why are there now few such gathering places? The truth is that uneducated people do not talk very well.

Publishers' editors habitually comb the backwoods, but bestir themselves little in the bigger cities. This, too, is romanticism. Like Gray, we must believe that there are some mute, inglorious Miltons we have failed to find now buried in provincial cemeteries. We secretly believe that talent conquers all, even if it is not disciplined, educated, and polished by cosmopolitan life.

When I call for substance in a novel, I certainly do not mean the dreary topicality of some current fiction—although we are somewhat less guilty on this count than the Russians, who two years ago heralded a novel about a new process for making steel. This is merely another kind of parochialism, of ignorance.

What I mean was perhaps best expressed by Allen Tate when he said that novelists must restore wholeness to the fragmented image of society. I think he means by this that a novelist must create a whole society in order to make valid the representation of a single gesture by a single person in a single episode. Surely this is a task for educated men. In case you think I ask too much, let me remind you that this was done and done well in the past by even relatively minor novelists such as Mrs. Humphry Ward, Anne Goodwin Winslow, and Ellen Glasgow. It was, indeed, more an attitude of mind than a measure of genius. In my opinion, it is best found among modern English and American writers in Willa Cather, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Ford Madox Ford, Galsworthy, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Cozzens, Warren, and Trilling. I also find signs of it in one young man, Stephen Becker.

Writers also lack loyalty. Of course I do not mean political loyalty. They lack the only loyalty that counts for them—loyalty to the republic of letters. This is what the writer owes the cosmopolis in contrast to what the writer can draw from the cosmopolis as a part of his necessary education, with which I have just dealt.

I BELIEVE that the world is so complex that no man living alone can learn about it. As one chemist today is dependent on the research of many others for his own great discovery, so one writer must depend on the common knowledge of the literate in his own society. This is a debt seldom acknowledged. Our writers seek to live as wild beasts—as *fauves*—in isolation. *Fauvism* may have been fine for Matisse, but literature is a social art. It can only function very primitively if writers live in isolation. Some of our foremost American writers pride themselves on living incommunicado. Yet it wasn't so very long ago that a Nobel Prize winner felt that his position obliged him to take a new young writer each year as his secretary, much as is done in other professions. It was assumed that the young men would gradually learn something about something, and the record shows that it worked.

This is the converse of literary isolationism. This exhibits the same sense of the excitement of human society that led Emerson to say, "Every man ought to stand in primary relations with the work of the world." Let those who admire Southern Gothic, or New England Gothic, or Los Angeles Gothic, think about that.

I am not at all blind to the dangers of literary cliques and groups. I am not blind to the danger of academicism —the danger precisely polar to *fauvism*. My emphasis is what it is because in America clearly the danger of academicism exists only theoretically. But the wild beasts are upon us!

THE WORLD'S STANDARD FOREIGN LANGUAGE DICTIONARIES

Cassell's

Two Complete Vocabularies in Each Volume

● **FRENCH-ENGLISH** and English-French

New edition, completely re-edited, reset, and brought up to date. Thousands of new words added. French entries include words used in ordinary French speech, the best modern writings, and obsolete words and phrases used in classical writings. Compiled from best authorities in both languages. Includes idiomatic expressions, proverbs, and recent scientific, commercial and military terms.

Plain $5.00, Thumb-indexed $5.75

● **LATIN-ENGLISH** and English-Latin

The standard dictionary of classical Latin. More than 26,000 Latin entries and more than 17,000 English entries. Includes quotations illustrating construction and usage, a table of the Roman calendar, a geographical glossary of English names and places with their classical Latin equivalents.

Plain $5.00, Thumb-indexed $5.75

● **GERMAN-ENGLISH** and English-German

The definitive guide to the German language. Completely revised, this dictionary contains more than 130,000 entries, with a phonetic key to the pronunciation of all German words. Vocabulary covers literary, scientific and technical German.

Plain $5.00, Thumb-indexed $5.75

Best value and quality for students, writers, teachers, clergymen, professional men and women. Send for circular.

At all bookstores

Funk & Wagnalls

153 East 24th St. New York 10, N. Y.

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S DICTIONARY OF MIND MATTER & MORALS

This exhaustive work offers more than 1000 definitions and opinions of the 1950 Nobel Price winner, arranged as a handy key. Here is Russell's challenging thought on politics, ethics, philosophy of science, epistemology, religion, mathematical philosophy, and on topics crucial to an understanding of international affairs today. Dipped into casually it rewards the browser with stimulating and acute intellectual insights. Read intensively it will be found indispensable to a fuller appreciation of one of the profoundest minds of our age. $5.00

Expedite shipment by prepayment

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, *Publishers*

15 E. 40 St., Desk 19, New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(*Continued from page 16*)

—his mind giving way—she literally carried him on her shoulders.

That this inferno of human suffering exerts a morbid sort of fascination is a tribute to Mrs. Hedden's integrity as an artist.

Fiction Notes

ROTTING HILL. By Wyndham Lewis. Henry Regnery Co. $3. In the preface to a selection from his poetry, Wyndham Lewis remarks characteristically that "satire . . . is aggression . . . Satire has a great big glaring target. If successful, it blasts a great big hole in the centre." Whether this accurately represents the intention of all satire or not, certainly it accurately describes Mr. Lewis's. His paintings (though they are sometimes merely beautiful), all his novels, all his essays in philosophy, sociology, criticism, and autobiography, are, like "Rotting Hill," blasts against the "*mob-mind*" that "stinks."

"Rotting Hill" is both the most violent and least ordered of all his "works of fiction." Obviously Rotting Hill is Chelsea where he and a lot of other gifted and dissatisfied artists like Robert Colquohoun and Roy Campbell live and hate. This part of London Wyndham Lewis sees as the perfect symbol for the dry rot that has inevitably followed liberalism's permission to socialism to elevate the robots he considers most men to be to the status of humanity. The gifted who, along with the amusingly eccentric, are all that deserve or desire to do more than exist as slaves, are murdered gradually by income tax, ill-fitting shoes and shirts, the nauseous sight of "proles" with new teeth and glasses loafing England out of existence. Worst of all, Mr. Lewis thinks, even the return of the Conservatives won't help, for "disguised as an honest working man, they are engaged in a huge confidence trick."

It is necessary to describe "Rotting Hill" in terms of Mr. Lewis's political opinions because this "fiction" is mainly a conservative piece interspersed with bits of illustrative action, brief character sketches, and long political tirades by the author that do not even pretend to be talk *with* somebody else. Mr. Lewis's excellent eye for detail gives you the worst of contemporary England in vivid distortion, his good ear some admirable talks between himself and some not totally docile interlocutors. Some of his boasting against vicars, doctors, and politicians hits dead center—though even here he tends to use facts with the reckless abandon of a 500 per cent American who knows the vices of socialism in Britain even when he can't find them in existence.

As a whole the book is so poorly focussed that all it is likely to do to most readers is to make them feel vaguely troubled about whatever optimisms they've mustered and slightly inclined to look at the ideas of the Social Creditors for whom Mr. Lewis reserves his unique (though limited) gesture of approval. Even if you have generally found Mr. Lewis's earlier books more provocative than provoking, you are likely to find one of the high points of the book the dust jacket promise to revive "Tarr" and other earlier novels, including, you hope, his masterpiece, "The Apes of God."

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

THE SON OF ADAM WYNGATE. By Mary O'Hara. $3.75. Laid chiefly in Brooklyn in 1906, this is the story of Bartholomew Wyngate, the magnetic and respected rector of St. Stephen's Church. Son and grandson of successful ministers, Bart had all that should have made his life rich and full, associates in his church work who loved him, a carefully studied technique, somewhat in advance of his day, in counselling and guiding his parishoners, handsome children, and a beautiful wife. Physically their marriage had been perfect, but a great mental and spiritual gulf, widening as the months passed, divided them, tormenting Bart. He had been in love with Louise since he was twelve and she eleven, but now Louise seemed driven by an inner restlessness he could not explain. He no longer even knew if she had any religious faith. It was not made any better by the fact that, mother of five children and wife of a minister, Louise was irresistibly attractive to men, as she had been since early childhood.

Wyndham Lewis—"works of action."

When Ramsey Wyngate, Bart's older brother, returned from several years abroad with his rich, semi-invalid wife, Bart suspected against his will that Ramsey and Louise were resuming an early affair, guessed at but never actually faced by the unhappy husband and brother. When the full, crushing truth about his wife floods over Bart, his nervous system, long subject to violent migraine headaches, shatters completely. In the terrible battle against insanity which follows the hands of those to whom, in the past, he has given strength, courage, and love are, in their turn, stretched out to pull him back to normal life.

This is a staggeringly ambitious theme. To deal objectively with a priest is one thing, but to enter into his moments of mystic trance, his meditations, his temptations, and more than that to explain his utter inability to grapple with the evil which besets him, is indeed hard. Miss O'Hara (who writes, incidentally, with complete regard for anachronisms of detail) resolves her hero's tragedy with a sentimental denouement which is deeply disappointing. It may be that she wishes only to prove what her wise old Roman Catholic priest, Bart's friend, says on the final page, "the sins they confess at sixteen they are still confessing at sixty."

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

PIONEER LOVES. By Ernest Haycox. Little, Brown. $2.50. The publishers have announced that this is the last collection to be made of the short stories of Ernest Haycox. This will be sad news to many a lover of the Western short story, a field in which Mr. Haycox was a pre-eminently accomplished craftsman. As the title somewhat blatantly indicates, most of the stories deal with love. This is an unusual emotion to receive central attention in a Western, but Mr. Haycox handles it with sure skill. The nine stories are simple as to plot line, the action is plentiful but never forced, and the characterizations—particularly of the women—solid and believable. Again these are not the usual attributes of the standard Western but Mr. Haycox was not a purveyor of the standard. Of this collection I found the two stories that dealt with the homesteading Mercy family, "Call This Land Home" and "Cry Deep, Cry Still," the most moving. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere, miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS—IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Avenue, NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 W. 42 St., NYC 18.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

ESTABLISHED LITERARY AGENT, seeking to fill publishers' requests, offers marketing services to established and newer authors. Excellent editorial contacts for the placement of your book, story, article, verse, juvenile, plays, etc. Literary services available and include: editing, constructive criticism, technical revision, and ghostwriting. Send for brochure S. FRANK Q. BRADY, Literary Agent, 55 West 42 St., NYC 18.

UNPUBLISHED AUTHORS invited to submit manuscripts to exclusive literary agency. Southern authors preferred. SOUTHLAND LITERARY SERVICE, Perkinston, Miss.

FORMER FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, now at Columbia, available for writing-editing any subject. One million words published. Minimum terms. Box K-572.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS on hand. If I haven't got the one you want, I'll find it. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53-B, South Bend, Ind.

LARGE COLLECTION offered for members. Prices: 50¢ upward. Lists or send wants. WALT WHITMAN SOCIETY, Hempstead, N. Y.

LARGE STOCK of recent German Books: Buber, Carossa, Hesse, Jaspers, Mann, Busch, Kaestner, etc. Ask for catalogue. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller & Importer, 100 West 72 St., NYC 23. Department 22.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES, free samples, brochures — America's most unusual designs. RAPP STUDIOS, 150-A West 34 St., NYC 1.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

AMERICANA, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE. Huge stock. Weekly London importations. Competent search service. Immediate attention to wants lists. ROSS & HAINES, Inc., 17½ No. 6 St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

LANGUAGES

LISTEN—LEARN AT HOME to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian, Japanese—any of 29 languages by Linguaphone World's Standard Conversational Method. Save time, work, money. It's quick, easy, fun. Send for FREE book. Call for FREE demonstration. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2605 Radio City, NYC 20. CIrcle 7-0829.

RECORD MART

RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE offers greatest vocal records, collectors' items to just "good listening." Write or visit store. 502 East 88 St., NYC. REgent 7-7611.

PERSONALS

PLAYING CARDS with sketch of YOUR OWN HOUSE on them. Ask Tifft, 285 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

HAVE YOU A GIFTED son, relative, or friend of college age—musical, artistic, literary, dramatic? Now considering applications. VERMONT INSTITUTE OF SPECIAL STUDIES, Putney, Vt.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation. Write CATHOLIC INFORMATION SOCIETY, Dept. S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, doubles from $6.50 to $12; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17. ELdorado 5-7300.

WHY THINGS HAPPEN. Troubled about personal misfortunes—unhappy world conditions? This inspiring book, THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE, by Emanuel Swedenborg, will help solve your problems. 640 pages, 25¢ postpaid. THE SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Section 9, 51 East 42 St., NYC 17.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

DOCTOR seeks one who can head and underwrite a humanitarian cause. Box K-526.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, MUSICIANS! Vacation while you work in beautiful Pacific Northwest. Magnificent mountain-ocean setting, restful surroundings, stimulating companionship. Open all year. Reasonable rates. ELAN Center, Vancouver Island, Cobble Hill, British Columbia, Canada.

GOOD USED BOOKS. 50¢-$1. Buy where libraries buy! Postal brings list. EDITIONS, Dept R, Hempstead, N. Y.

PERSONALS

ORIGINS OF NEW ENGLAND 1620—1820. A Travel Course on Wheels, June 23rd repeated July 7th. 3 hours college credit. ARNOLD TOURS, 236A Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

B.A., M.A., DEGREES by home study. Previous credits recognized. Undergraduate and graduate studies. Low-cost, pay-as-you-learn plan. Registrar, FREMONT COLLEGE. State chartered. Santa Fe, New Mexico.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D. C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

U. S. ARMY needs graduate librarians for civilian positions both overseas and in the U. S. Within the European Command there are openings for professionally trained female librarians between the ages of 21 and 40. Graduation from a library school accredited by the American Library Association or by a regional accrediting agency is required. Salaries range from $3,410—$4,205 per year. Positions are professionally challenging and frequently offer opportunities for travel. Inquiries regarding oversea positions in Europe, the Far East Command, Alaska and the Caribbean should be addressed to the Overseas Affairs Branch, Civilian Personnel Division, Office, Secretary of the Army, Washington 25, D. C. Inquiries about openings within the U. S. should be addressed: The Adjutant General, Department of the Army, Washington 25, D. C., Attention: AGMR-L.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 21 to August 8, 1952. Distinguished staff. Write for information.

EXPLORE GREEN WORLDS of naturalists in the exciting pages of Snowy Egret. Fresh interpretation of John Burroughs in anniversary issue of unique magazine. FREE sample copy. Humphrey Olsen, Perkinston, Miss.

COMPANION, summer, traveling abroad, teacher, 21, versatile personality. Box K-567.

WANTED: Editorial worker to be associated with important reference work in the educational field. This is a part-time job which should interfere with neither present residence nor work obligations. Write, enclosing curriculum vitae to Philosophical Library, 15 East 40 St., NYC 16.

YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER desires any type of work that takes him to Europe. Box K-717.

YOUNG WOMAN, 34, university graduate, desires summer work. Experienced driver, companion, home manager. Will travel. Box K-716.

ATHLETE desires fellow athlete share barn apartment. References. Box K-710.

GENTLEMEN interested in week-end place. Lower Connecticut—Inland. Also consider sharing. Box K-708.

MR. AND MRS. TEAM desires travel. Creative, imaginative, excellent personalities, common sense. Experienced in public relations, radio, television, fashion, good grooming, writing, salesmanship, showmanship. Box K-706.

WANTED by university professor and wife (British musicians), with or without 2 teen-age daughters, position of trust: caretaking, cooking, out-door work. July, August. Box K-705.

500 GUMMED NAME-ADDRESS LABELS $1. For letters, books to identify and personalize. 1,000—$1.80. VILLAGE SERVICE, G. P. O. Box 540, NYC 1.

YOUNG HISTORIAN, Ph. D., with 2 children and no job. High-brow but no snob. In touch with real world through varied experience. Any offers? Box K-702.

YOUNG ENGLISH TEACHER, experienced, references, private tutoring for vacationing or traveling family. Box K-700.

OUTDOORS-HUNGRY Michigan co-ed offers services as mother's-writer's helper, companion, in exchange for summer at private ranch. Southwest preferred. References exchanged. Box K-699.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ABLE WRITER, LINGUIST. Trustworthy man wishes position. New York. June. Box K-697.

REGISTERED NURSE, 23, college education, desires travel. Carriage Trade, Manchester, Vermont.

WANTED: Mature woman seeking residence Jersey shore, exchange light housekeeping and moderate salary. Box K-694.

WHEELCHAIR OCCUPANT must have occupation. Will invest in home business, or rent store with accessible apartment. Experienced retailer. NYC. Box K-693.

LITTLE RED HOUSE in wood on Pac-Monadnock, New Hampshire for summer of relaxation. Box K-690.

HEIFETZ FIDDLES with blind accompanist in Paris dawn. Another Basil Woon intimate recollection in the current issue of lively arts' journal for sophisticates. Sample copy on request. COUNTERPOINT, 700 Montgomery Building, San Francisco, Calif.

RETIRED FINANCIAL ECONOMIST and author wants to meet younger economist or statistical secretary (man or woman) living within driving range of Darien, Connecticut for part-time help in shaping for publication the results of 20 years research on factors underlying the business cycle. Box K-688.

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER SUBLET offered 3 girls, 3 months. Box K-687.

ATTRACTIVE FRENCHWOMAN, 27, good family, experienced, excellent with children, good English, perfect French and German; wants job in Eastern U. S. as governess beginning summer, fall 1952. Will pay own passage. No housework. Box K-333.

YOUNG ATTORNEY, experienced traveler, seeks foreign travel or position in any capacity. Box K-721.

ITINERANT FRENCH BACHELOR seeks stable family with room. NYC area. Box K-723.

IF INTERESTED joining low-cost trip to Europe, Spring 1953, write Box K-724.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

FRANKLIN—DELAWARE COUNTY. Attractive old house: 7 rooms, completely modernized, 2½ baths, oil burner, fireplace, screened porch, attached garage. 4 acres on village street. $17,500. Telephone CYpress 5-5904 (NYC).

CAPE COD—EAST ORLEANS. 7-room bungalow, all improvements, garage. Overlooks salt water inlet. Quiet, perfect for children. Over 2 acres. Small fresh-water pond. 1 mile to gorgeous ocean beach, $8,500. Lamb, 27 Service Drive, Wellesley, Mass. Wellesley 5-2040-J.

SECLUDED, hard road, 5 acres. 12 rooms furnished, heat, bath, refrigerator. Convertible 3 apartments. $5,500. Rent all, part summer, annually. Telephone JAmaica 3-2116 (NYC). Box K-701.

NANTUCKET ISLAND: Small furnished house, guest cottage, garage. Exceptional location. 90 feet shore frontage. Finest ocean bathing. Guaranteed title. Price: $9,500. Gladys Wood, Agent, Nantucket, Mass.

For Rent

WANTED: Country-loving family to rent, for summer and fall; furnished, converted barn with possible opportunity to buy later. All conveniences—space, view, quiet, swimming, fishing, on 58 acre farm. Ideal for children. 70 miles N. Y. Taconic Parkway, 10 miles Beacon or Poughkeepsie. Telephone, Saturday or Sunday, Wappingers Falls 470-J-2; or write S. W. Walker, 129 East 10 St., NYC 3.

PLANTATION HOME 68 miles from New Orleans, furnished with antiques. William A. Porteous, Jr., American Bank Building, New Orleans, La.

FOR RENT: Charming 4-room apartment. Unusual country surroundings. 50 miles NYC. Good commuting. Lease. Box K-712.

COTE D'AZUR. To let in picturesque mountain village; self-contained, charmingly furnished flat. 2 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. Modern comfort overlooking mountains and Mediterranean. Rent: $45 per month. Write for particulars. Box K-707.

MODERNIZED, CHARMING FARMHOUSE for rent—3 bedrooms. Also smaller house. Secluded, near lake. New Hampshire. Telephone Morsemere 6-8409W (N. J.).

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MONADNOCK AREA NEAR KEENE, N. H. For rent: pre-revolutionary, fully furnished, 6 rooms. All improvements, extra house, large acreage, swimming. Ideal for children. Moderate rental and early occupancy. Box K-531.

GEORGETOWN, COLORADO. Modern family cabin for rent, fully furnished. June 1 to September 1, $350. 8,700 feet elevation, elegant view. The perfect spot for hay fever victims, fishermen, hikers, sightseers or just plain loafers. Mrs. Cynthia Willett, 826 East 10 St., Pueblo, Colo.

CHATHAM, MASS., shore cottage. July 1 through Labor Day. 7 bedrooms, 3 fireplaces, bath, lavatory, shower, screened porch, frigidaire, gas stove; living, dining rooms, Reply: Box 478, Litchfield, Conn.

ON PRIVATE ESTATE: Secluded "Hansel and Gretel" cottage for 2 adults. 55 miles NYC. $500 season. Box K-719.

WANT SECLUSION? Unusual, furnished cabin in woods. Long Island's South Shore. Every convenience—$400. Also 2 on farm—$300. Telephone MUrray Hill 4-0051 (NYC) weekdays.

FRENCHMAN'S BAY, MAINE. Guest cottage, August 1 to September 15. 2 master bedrooms. 1 maid's room, 3 fireplaces. All modern conveniences. Man on place. Private beach, sailboat and use of owner's tennis court. Apply Box K-711.

MANHATTAN, NYC. Charming, cool, garden apartment. Sleeps 4. June 15—October. Box K-709.

THREE-ROOM COTTAGE. Tastefully furnished, large electric kitchen, on small private estate, magnificient view. $450 season. R. B. Samuels. Jewett, N. Y.

ROCKLAND COUNTY. Modern country house, luxuriously furnished, on breezy hilltop. Panoramic view. Big living room, fireplaces, 2 bedrooms, bath. 1 hour commuting NYC. June—September. Rental: $1,000. Telephone Stony Point 6-5480.

POCONOS, PENNSYLVANIA. Spacious guest cottage, comfortably furnished; 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, electric kitchen, living room, fireplace, terraces. 3-acre lawn, woodland, private swimming and fishing. $350 monthly, available long season. Harriton's Lodge, R. D. 1, Cresco, Pa. Telephone Mount Pocono 6511.

FOR RENT: Secluded stone cottage, modern. Photographs available. $500 long season. Box K-725.

VACATIONS

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Route 926. Why not visit Pennsylvania's beautiful countryside during the spring or summer. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker School Campus. Reservations by the week, month, or the year. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pa.

LATITUDE 43°-46' N., LONGITUDE 69°-19' W. On famous MONHEGAN ISLAND. The Island Inn, Monhegan Plantation, Maine. Booklet.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal, country life; good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK. Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

NANTUCKET, MASS., P. O. Box 657. Comfortable housekeeping. harbor-front cottages. Accommodate three. Ideal for honeymoons. Two-week minimum.

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY: where food has the French flavor of deep contentment.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VT. Elevation, 2,000 feet. Excellent accommodations. Private swimming. Sports. Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious meals. Folder.

CORNWALL GUEST HOUSE, VT. 2 miles out of Middlebury. Permanent or transient guests. Virginia Graham.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY LIVING, excellent food, informal atmosphere, honeymoon cottage on lake front at SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful, seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

VACATIONS

NAIDNI ON DUNMORE, Brandon, Vt. "Homely," comfortable house, good food. Spring-time in Vermont—worth seeing. No planned entertainment.

FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING BUNGALOWS of the better type. Delightfully private yet near so much in the Poconos. Choice mountain setting. Automatic oil heat, electric equipped. Seasonal or monthly rentals. Alma G. Jackson, Mountainhome, Pa.

DAVID RANDOLPH and THE RANDOLPH SINGERS will be at SOUTHWIND for Decoration Day Weekend. Southwind, Woodbourne 2, N. Y.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate—amidst woods and trout stream—swimming, horses, golf nearby — country auctions — summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn. Telephone Litchfield 93W1.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach, shore drives, beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Mass. Booklet.

WEST ROAD INN, located in a mid-Massachusetts hill town. A small conservative guest house. Ideal for writing, painting or rest. May 15 to November. Write: Mrs. P. A. Young, Petersham, Mass.

OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT. BEE AND THISTLE INN. Charming accommodations. Good Food. Folder.

PRACTICE SPANISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN conversation with host, native of Europe, while guest at charming Inn; use language books in library; historic Castine, Maine. Excellent meals, $50 week. PENTAGOET INN, Castine, Maine.

ROCKYWOLD in Somerset, BERMUDA. A secluded guest house and cottages for 11 guests who seek restful surroundings and excellent food. On cliff swept by ocean breezes. Private beach. Breakfast, dinner, with light lunch. Rates and reservations: Don Towers, Cheshire, Conn.

BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, offers unusual vacations, home-grown food.

WILDERNESS TRAIL TRIPS hiking and riding. Havasu Canyon, Gem of the Grand Canyon, ten 8-day trips, May into June from $115 including transportation. JOHN MUIR TRAIL, California Sierra Nevada, July into September. 7 days from $60. Write WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, 1940 Hearst Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

VACATION SUGGESTION—Enjoy Berkshire's cultural activities, scenic beauty. Pre-season rates. Write FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Mass. Telephone 8107.

ESCAPE . . . PEACE. Writers, artists, professionals will find these at our farm in Catskills. Wonderful food too. LILAC FARM, R.D. 2, Gilboa, N. Y. Telephone Grand Gorge 5665.

TUILAUVENT FARM. Ideal for restful week ends and vacations in lovely countryside. Fishing, boating, swimming nearby. Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. Telephone Brewster 9-3154.

GREEN TREE INN, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Famous for good food, attractive surroundings. Ideal climate. Golf, fishing, sailing available. Reasonable rates. Accomodations limited.

ARLBERG INN, Laconia 2, N. H. Small, friendly, country inn. Scenic, quiet, restful. Heartwarming hospitality, scrumptious food. $45.50—$49, weekly; meals included. Folder.

CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow and Berkshire Playhouse. Private 3-mile lake, swimming, boating, tennis, etc., on grounds. Rustic lodge and cabins. Good food, moderate rates, informal. 28th season. Folder S.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Excellent food. Swimming, tennis, fishing. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

GARDENIA LODGE, Plympton, Nova Scotia. Bathing, fishing, excellent meals. Reservations.

FENIMORE on Ostego Lake, Cooperstown, N. Y. Horses, boats, safe waterfront. All sports. Picturesque cabins. Housekeeping or American plan. Moderate weekly rates. J. Braider, Manager, 240 East 20 St., NYC. GRamercy 7-9327.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Dog-tooth violets. Trout fishing. Brandon, Vt. Telephone 104W3.

BROOKSIDE LODGE—by a mountain trout stream in the beautiful Berkshires. Informal, friendly. All sports. Near Tanglewood and Dance Festivals. Booklet. Chester 6, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 947

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

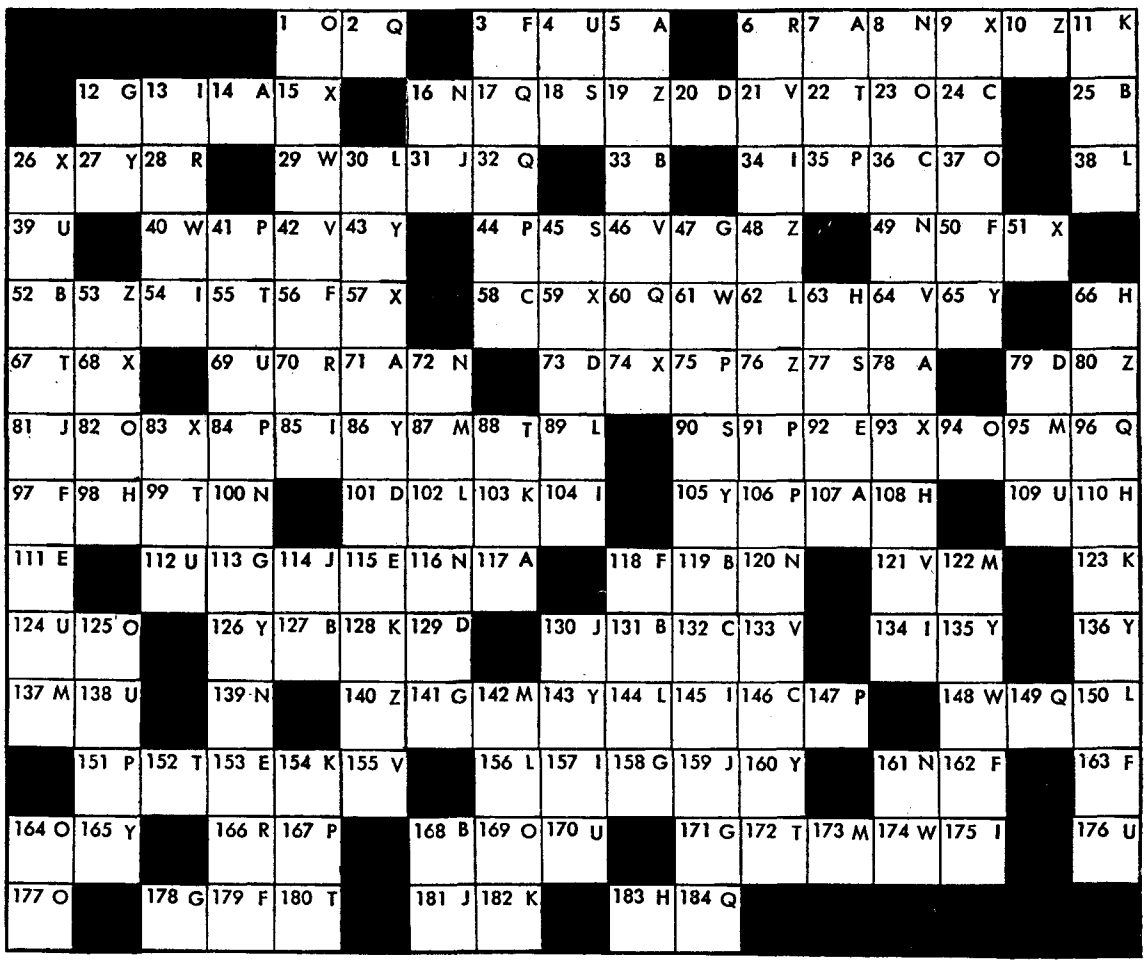
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of a class of medieval religious dramas, usually in cycles.	14 117 5 71 7 107 78
B. A deponent (U. S. law).	33 25 52 131 127 119 168
C. Branches, as of a tree or shrub (rare).	58 36 132 146 24
D. In medieval times a chivalrous enterprise involving adventure.	79 73 129 20 101
E. An ancient name for Artemis or Nemesis.	153 92 115 111
F. Impious queen of Judah, wife of Jehoram (Bib.).	118 162 50 179 56 97 163 3
G. A more or less volatile variety of petroleum.	47 113 171 178 141 12 158
H. Member of a low caste of washerman (Hindu; var. sp.).	63 66 98 183 110 108
I. The collective stories of a people describing their gods, etc., containing supernatural elements.	54 104 175 134 13 157 85 145 34
J. Composer of "Dixie", later chosen the war song of the South.	31 114 159 81 181 130
K. An indehiscent legume that breaks at maturity into one-seeded joints (bot.).	154 182 128 103 11 123
L. English dramatist and architect of Flemish descent (1664-1726).	30 38 144 156 62 150 89 102

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Province of Italy ceded to Yugoslavia in 1946.	173 95 122 142 87 137
N. The place of final defense (2 wds.).	116 139 100 49 120 161 8 16 72
O. To become timid (2 wds.).	164 1 82 125 169 94 23 37 177
P. The actual living through an event or events.	41 91 44 75 147 84 35 167 151 106
Q. A son of Levi (Bib.).	60 184 32 96 17 149 2
R. A King of Israel, 9th century B.C. (Bib.).	166 28 6 70
S. Materials mined and worked for the sake of valuable metallic constituents (mining).	45 18 90 77
T. A holiday, July 1, in Canada (with "Day").	180 152 22 67 88 55 172 99
U. Valuable food caught in the Great Lakes.	69 109 4 39 170 112 176 138 124
V. Remembers, imagines, or conceives of, when not in the actual presence.	46 155 64 121 21 133 42
W. Not at all.	174 29 40 61 148
X. American author and editor (1885-).	9 74 83 15 26 68 51 57 59 93
Y. A popular song from "The Princess" (Tennyson).	126 105 160 135 43 143 86 65 165 27 136
Z. Former empire (later a republic) of Central Europe.	76 80 140 48 10 19 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY SETTLE FOR MEDIOCRE SOUND REPRODUCTION WHEN YOU CAN HAVE THE *BEST* AT NO GREATER COST!

Records and home reproduction equipment cost a lot of money.

DON'T MAKE EXPENSIVE MISTAKES!

Let these three experts show you how to have in your own home:

- ▶ *THE VERY FINEST RECORDED MUSIC*
- ▶ *TO SUIT YOUR OWN PARTICULAR TASTE*
- ▶ *AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE COST*

The above illustration is one of the many photographs and sketches in the book that show you how you can create your own personal high-fidelity reproduction system. You learn how to get ten times as much listening pleasure for one-tenth the cost of such a layout ready-made.

THE *Saturday Review* HOME BOOK OF RECORDED MUSIC AND SOUND REPRODUCTION

By IRVING KOLODIN, EDWARD TATNALL CANBY and C. G. BURKE

THIS long-needed book makes it possible for you to put together your own high-fidelity radio-phonograph without any previous technical experience, at the lowest price, and with complete confidence that you have in your home the finest sound reproduction system available. Here is complete, specific information on how to get the most out of improved equipment, how to choose among the wealth of new recordings offered, and how to get the ultimate in listening pleasure out of your own collection. The book is divided into three sections, each written by an expert, which cover recorded music so completely you will need no other book to understand and enjoy every phase of a great entertainment medium.

IN THIS, THE ONLY COMPLETE GUIDE TO HOME MUSIC REPRODUCTION AND RECORD COLLECTING, YOU WILL FIND:

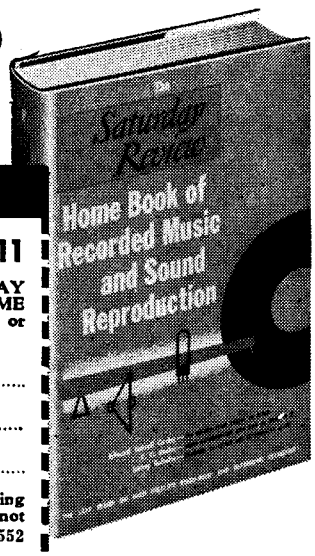
C. G. Burke's Advice on —

- Which home equipment is the best
- What are the comparative costs
- How to connect and set up your own speaker
- How to avoid costly repairs
- How to test your own equipment
- Where the best buys are to be found

In addition Irving Kolodin, one of America's foremost music critics, tells you how to sharpen your critical faculties and become your own critic. Using a simple, remarkable and entirely original approach, Mr. Kolodin explains how any record collector can judge for himself the best of the half-dozen or more recordings of his favorite piece. He includes a comprehensive list of recommended orchestra, chamber music, operatic and popular recordings.

Also Edward Tatnall Canby's fascinating history of the recording industry. You will learn about recent advances in recording techniques; how a record is recorded, and how a record is manufactured — all described in the simplest terms. Whether you are just discovering the wonderful hobby of collecting records . . . or if you have a wide and varied collection — THE SATURDAY REVIEW HOME BOOK OF RECORDED MUSIC AND SOUND REPRODUCTION is a book you will want to own, to read and browse through, to refer to many times. It is the most complete authoritative one-volume book on the market today — a great bargain.

ONLY $4.50



THE EXPERTS

IRVING KOLODIN is Editor of *The Saturday Review* Recording Section; a former music critic for the *New York Sun;* and author of *Guide to Recorded Music* and *Metropolitan Opera.*

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY conducts a regular record column in both the *Saturday Review* and *Audio Engineering,* and attracts a large following with his weekly broadcasts.

C. G. BURKE, for twenty-five years a recording enthusiast and owner of one of the country's outstanding collections, was record reviewer for *The American Mercury* before joining the *Saturday Review.* He is a frequent contributor to *High Fidelity* magazine.

EXAMINE THIS BOOK 10 DAYS FREE!

PRENTICE-HALL INC., 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11

Please send me for 10 days free examination a copy of THE SATURDAY REVIEW HOME BOOK OF RECORDED MUSIC AND HOME REPRODUCTION. At the end of 10 days I agree to send check or money order for $4.50 plus postage, or return the book postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SAVE! Send $4.50 WITH THIS COUPON, and WE will pay shipping charges. Same return privilege — your money back if you are not thoroughly satisfied with this book. TSR-552

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED